

No. 336.—Vol. XXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



THE MIDSHIPMITE OF "H.M.S. PINAFORE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Master Eric Victor Gordon Reimers started on the voyage of life ten years ago. He is going to be educated for the stage. His picture has been taken by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

HENLEY AS IT IS.



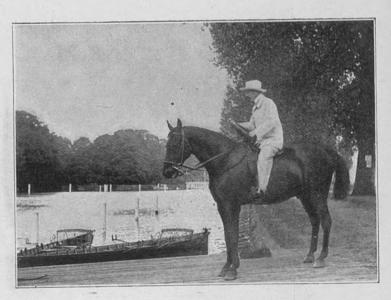
THE DIAMOND SCULLS: B. H. HOWELL, THAMES ROWING CLUB.



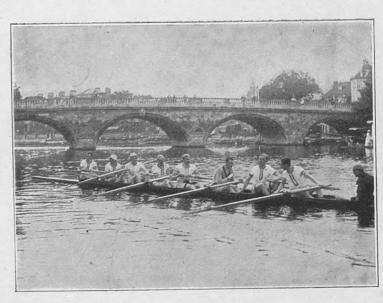
TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE, PAIR: J. A. BOTT AND C. M. STEELE (STROKE).



ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL FOUR: H. H. STIFF, D. PENNINGTON, E. J. D. TAYLOR, AND G. E. ORME (STROKE).



COLONEL RICARDO
COACHING THE ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL FOUR.



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THE ARGONAUT EIGHT (TORONTO, CANADA).

HENLEY AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.



GENERAL PROSPECT OF THE REGATTA.



PICNIC PARTY ON YE BANK.

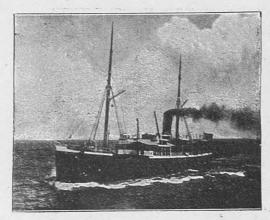


YE FIREWORKS AND YE DEPARTURE.

An Up-River Regatta in ye Time of ye Romans. From a rare old Frieze not in ye British Museum.

MARK TWAIN.

It is impossible for literary London to address Mark Twain as Mr. Clemens. The name of Clemens is strange to us; it has no manner of association



THE "ORLANDO."

and energy to toast-

ing him at public dinners. He is a familiar figure-at the Hôtel Ceeil and the

Holborn Restaurant. Then the White-friars Club, which

is proud to let it be

known that he has been a Friar for a quarter of a century, has been holding high festival in his honour and in honour

of Mrs. Clemens,

with Friar Poultney

Bigelow in the chair, and a notable gathering of literary

and artistic men and

women. This was organised by Friar Arthur Spurgeon, of the National Press

Agency. The health of Mark Twain was

proposed by Friar

L. F. Austin, who

invited the guest of the Club to say that any Englishmind takes hold of.
The humorist who has delighted two generations, and whose personal claims to our affectionate respect have been increased by a noble struggle with adversity in the evening of his life, is Mark Twain for all of us. Amid the multifarious occupations of the Season, London is devoting considerable time

THE LAND OF THE LAKES.

"If Western Norway may be termed the 'Land of the Fjords,' and the North the 'Land of the Midnight Sun,' the most suitable designation for the South is the 'Land of the Lakes,' for it is in virtue of its abounding waters—which in many cases so closely resemble the land-locked seas of the Western coasts that they sometimes borrow from these the title of Fjords—that Southern Norway deserves to become famous." It is in these words that a writer has summarised the southern part of this wonderful Scandinavian Peninsula; and no description could be more appropriate, for, among the many attractions of this fascinating land, first must be placed the great lakes and rivers that are everywhere to be found in it, the latter forming numerous water-falls of the greatest beauty. If you have not visited Norway, you can scarcely form any idea of the pleasure of touring in a country where nearly the whole of the travelling is done on inland waters. Some idea of the beauty of the scene may be gathered from the illustration, but, of course, it is impossible to convey a sense of the glorious colouring for which Norway is noted in black-and-white.

The same features are preserved even in the coast-line, which throughout Southern Norway is surrounded by shallow lagoons, protected from the waves by a fringe of islands. All the principal ports are built upon arms of the sea, which, being surrounded on all sides with

pine-wooded hills, and dotted with islands, resemble great inland lakes. Hardly anywhere else in the world are there such vivid contrasts of colour to be seen—the dark, sombre green of the pine-woods, the intense blue of the sky reflected in the lakes, blended with the almost prismatic colouring of the rocky shores which border them. This gorgeous scenery, the entire novelty of surroundings, and excellent sport make one speak of this country as a holiday ground in terms of unstinted praise.

The districts of Saetersdal, Telemarken, Ringerike, and Valders are the most beautiful and famous in Southern Norway. Mr. Goodman, in



CHRISTIANSAND HARBOUR.

whether he had faithfully kept the vows of the Order for twenty-five years, and warned him that his brother Friars expected to be mentioned in the book which he is writing for publication a century after his demise. Touching upon Mark Twain's literary career, Mr. Austin expressed the opinion that the romance of "Joan of Arc"-a reparation which the English language owed to sublime heroism-was not the least conspicuous monument of his genius. Another was the monument of personal character—of courage in misfortune, of that high honour which accepted the penalty of disaster and paid it to the full, of that undaunted toil which lifted again the colours of victory. Among English and American men of letters there was no example so inspiring to Mark Twain's fellow-workers since that of the great man who died at Abbotsford. Mark Twain replied with a discourse on vows and the joy of breaking them, on the art of impromptu speaking, and many other things which he treated with delightful fantasy. Dean Hole told some amusing anecdotes, Mr. Depew was eloquent on the Anglo-American kinship, and Max O'Rell, reminding the rejoicing Anglo-Celtic-Saxons that he was a Frenchman, put in a plea for France which fairly carried the company away. Mark Twain was entertained by the New Vagabonds Club on Thursday. Mr. George Grossmith, who was in the chair, said that a little more than a quarter of a century ago he attended the first lecture of Mark Twain in this country, and took notes of the lecture, which had been of use to him ever since. Mark Twain, in reply, said that he was usually introduced by a chairman of grave walk and carriage; he had rarely been introduced by a humorist. He remembered an incident of his boyhood. It was the first time he had ever stolen a water-melon his boyhood. It was the first time he had ever stolen a water-melon—that is, he thought it was the first time. The water-melon was green, and he was sorry. It occurred to him: "Now, what should a boy do who stole a green water-melon? What would George Washington do, the father of his country, who never told a lie? He must make restitution. He must restore that water-melon, or what was left of it." So he did, and received a ripe one in exchange. He hoped they would lay that system of perfected morality to heart. Let them carry it to their graves, and might it be a long time before they arrived there.

his book "New Ground in Norway," writes thus of the Telemarken district: "This is one of the most beautiful and interesting districts in Norway, a country whose charms are so great and varied that the epithets of fascinating and enchanting are terms not too strong to be appropriately applied to it."

The Wilson Line run a series of tours through these districts, varying from ten to seventeen days and upwards, at inclusive prices varying from eight and a-half guineas to seventeen and a-half guineas, according to route chosen. Fine steamships, lighted with electric-light and fitted with accommodation amidships, have been specially built for the passenger service, and leave London every week for this ideal holidayresort. Allinformation can be procured at the London Office, 1, East India Avenue, E.C.



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IT is unquestionably a habit of the Anglo-Saxons to do more than they seem to be doing, to accomplish the day's work without any superfluous eagerness of gesticulation. The Empire extends itself without needless fuss and fanfaronade; mistakes are rectified and misdoers punished without unnecessary gnashings of the national teeth; one Government succeeds another without aligning the Guards in Parliament Street; and the intricate mechanism of English life revolves with as little creaking and clanging as possible.

In the matter of secondary education this silent system of inconspicuous achievement is perhaps carried to an extreme. If we beat the drum a little more, we should be more sure that we are marching with the times. And yet there is reason to believe that, in our unostentatious fashion, we manage to learn something after we leave school.

The annual production of books worth reading is quite as large in England as in any other country; the serious reviews are not altogether lost to sight in the flood of cheap magazines, and our newspapers devote more space to contemporary history and less space to tittle-tattle than do the newspapers published in some parts of the world. So constant a supply of valid mental food must inevitably enrich the mind of the general reader, if it is properly digested. And since there is a steady demand for standard works of reference, it is fair to assume that the British reader takes the trouble to think about what he reads. The unintelligent type of reader is certainly not over-fond of encyclopædias and dictionaries, so that the sale of such works affords a very fair test of the energy or indolence of our assimilation.

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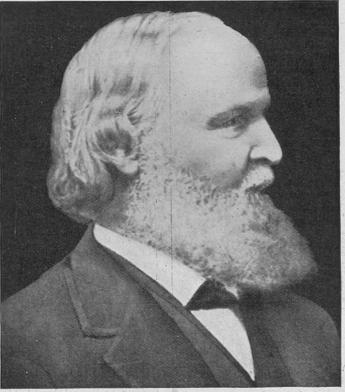
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NAVY NOTES.

That old parlour game, "General Post," is being played in the Navy just now with much zest. This is the way it has been arranged. Captain W. F. S. Mann is about to be promoted to be a Rear-Admiral, so he has to relinquish the position of Flag-Captain at Sheerness. The authorities have decided that Captain C. Campbell is the officer best fitted for the position, so Captain H. Hart-Dyke takes his place as captain of the battleship Empress of India, and Captain G. Henderson becomes captain of the cruiser Isis, in place of Captain Hart-Dyke. Thus all these officers get better appointments than they held before, and all are pleased. This is only one section of the game; it would take much space to describe it in full. Two other appointments of interest are of Captain G. C. Langley to the command of H.M.S. Nile, the portguardship at Devonport, in place of Captain J. H. Bainbridge, who is about to retire; and of Captain W. Marrack, who was recently in command of H.M.S. Royal Oak, and is to succeed Captain W. A. Dyke-Acland in the command of the Dockyard Reserve at Devonport.

It is rather the fashion to complain that the Admiralty is behind the times, but, as was remarked the other day by an officer to a gathering of Navy Leaguers, the Navy was never intended to consist of a number of experimental ships. As soon as a new invention has been thoroughly tested and proved to be of service, it is adopted into the Navy. Take the case of wireless telegraphy. We have heard that most of the leading navies of the world have adopted, or are about to adopt, M. Marconi's system, and it has been inferred that the British authorities have been behindhand, whereas it turns out that the scientific officers have been very busy for years past perfecting an instrument which they believe is better suited to the Navy than any other. This instrument is not so delicate as some, and will therefore be fitted for use in the ships of the Navy. It is a comparatively simple contrivance, and is therefore less likely to get out of order. I believe first honours in connection with this invention belong to Captain H. B. Jackson, who was at one time in command of the torpedo-schoolship Defiance. The instrument has already been tested with complete success for short distances, in one case the message travelling five or six miles. Now it is proposed to fit two of these instruments on a couple of warships, and then send them to sea, in charge of scientific officers, for a series of experiments at long distances.

Staff-Paymaster F. Harrison Smith, R.N., is one of the most fortunate officers of his department. He has just completed three years at Devonport as Sceretary to the Naval Commander-in-Chief, and now the new Admiral, Sir Henry Fairfax, has nominated him for a further three years in the same appointment, which is among the plums open to Paymasters. Mr. Harrison Smith is one of the smartest officers of the branch, and has had more exciting adventures than fall to the lot of one in a thousand officers in these days. He first saw service in the Egyptian War of 1882, and in the subsequent operations in the Eastern Soudan in 1884. He commenced his career as Admiral's Private Secretary with Rear-Admiral Sir W. Hewett, when that officer was acting as Governor-General of the Red Sea Littoral, and performed the duties of Aide-de-Camp and Quartermaster at the Battle of El Teb. His most distinguished service fell in his way in 1886, when he was sent as a Special Envoy from the British Government, with an autograph letter from the Queen and a sword of honour, to King John of Abyssinia. This little attention was paid to the King in recognition of the relief which he gave to the Soudan garrisons. Mr. Harrison Smith also endeavoured to bring about an understanding with the King on the questions that were then occupying the attention of the Italians and the Abyssinians, with what permanent success we now know. For his services Mr. Harrison Smith was offered a distinguished honour, but he preferred to have a special promotion, and he got it. He is still comparatively young, and, no doubt, further honour is in store for him. Like most modern heroes of war and diplomacy, he has written a book about his experiences on his famous ride to the King of Zion.

Every naval officer who serves as Private Secretary to a First Lord of the Admiralty can rely on rising high in the service. The position is one of honour and not insignificant emoluments. Captain W. H. Fawkes, who has acted in this capacity to Mr. Goschen for over two years past, is just about to give up the appointment and go to sea once more. He will hoist his pennant in the new battleship Canopus, which is having the finishing touches put to her at Portsmouth. She is the first of a new class of battleship, and her behaviour at sea will be watched with great interest. With a displacement of nearly thirteen thousand tons, she is expected to steam at over eighteen knots an hour, and for a time will be the swiftest battleship in the British Navy. She is of moderate dimensions, and will, therefore, be able to go anywhere, and do almost anything, without the continual fear of going aground. Five other ships of exactly similar size are being built, and several of them will be ready for sea in a few months.

At last the old frigate *Dædalus*, moored off Bristol, is to disappear. She was built as long ago as 1828 at Sheerness, and has been almost continually employed since, so that the Admiralty have got good value out of her. For many years past she has been acting as drill-ship for the officers and men of the Royal Naval Reserve, but, as she is quite out of date, she has not been of much service. Now she is to give place to a modern cruiser, the *Mercury*. This ship was built over twenty years ago, but a couple of years since she was completely overhauled and refitted, and should prove most useful at Bristol.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The hero of the moment, in accordance with the spirit of the time which praises Youth, is the fourteen-year-old boy A. E. J. Collins, of Clifton, who has made the record cricket score of 628 not out. His



MASTER A. E. J. COLLINS, WHO MADE THE BIGGEST CRICKET SCORE
(628 NOT OUT) ON RECORD.

Photo by Midwinter, Bristol.

father, who was in the Indian Civil Service, died in Burmah last autumn-Young Collins was born in India in August 1885, and joined the Junior School at Clifton two years ago, where he has been taught cricket

sunfor School at Clitton two years ago, where he has chiefly by Mr. H. G. Barlow. He batted for seven mortal hours. The next biggest score was that of Stoddart, who in 1886 scored 485 in the match when Hampstead played the Stoics. The biggest score that Grace has ever made is 400, which he scored in 1876 in the United South England match against Twenty-two of Grimsby.

While all the world is dreaming of Dreyfus again, I give a picture of the Comte de Dion on his latest motor-car. The Comte, who is Vice-President of the Automobile Club of France, was arrested, you may remember, for participating in the recent attack on President Loubet at Auteuil.

There are few smarter-looking men in the House of Commons than Mr. Walter Long, who has charge of the most contentious Bill of the Session. Mr. Long is the spokesman of the squires, but, except in his very fresh, healthy face, he is not a typical squire. There is nothing heavy in his appearance. He is of middle height, very active, and almost a dandy in dress. Least of all is he like the traditional squire in speech. Mr. Long is dreadfully fluent. He speaks faster than any other member of the Government, and, fortunately for the reporters, he says all he has to say two or three times. Although a strong champion of his class, the Minister for Agriculture is popular in the House. He is obliging and approachable, and is never bitter. Moreover, he is always so fresh and blooms so much with the open air that his appearance on the Treasury Bench is very welcome as a contrast to some of the grey-faced men from the study. Mr. Long, like the race from which he springs, is a good sportsman, fond of hunting and of cricket. He may be seen on a

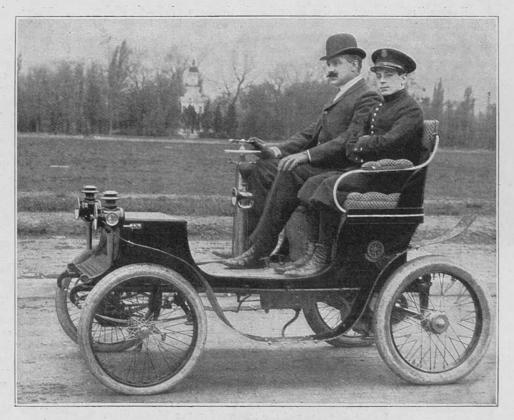
summer day at Lord's, wearing his grey suit and white hat. I wonder if Mr. Chamberlain was ever at a cricket-match.

Mr. George Whiteley, whose abandonment of Conservatism has caused one of the few sensations of the Parliamentary Session, is a fresh-faced man, in the prime of life. He is a pithy speaker, without being an orator, and has always taken a bold, independent line in and out of Parliament. The good party-man supports his party even when it is wrong, but Mr. Whiteley is not of this sort. He is one of those who, with strong opinions of their own, find no party quite to their taste. It is not pleasant for a member to change sides. His old side represents him as disappointed, and the other side give him a doubtful welcome. It is better, however, when one gets out of sympathy with one's party, to leave it rather than to stay and always speak against it, according to the practice of one or two of the Unionists. Mr. Whiteley has ceased to be a Progressive Conservative, and has become a Moderate Liberal. His younger brother remains in the House as a Conservative. They are cotton-manufacturers, and belong to Blackburn.

Not only are cycles used by members of Parliament on their way to and from Westminster, but they have begun to introduce motor-cars. Sir Samuel Montagu sometimes drives down in a horseless landau, with servant in livery, and a horseless hansom used by Mr. Dalziel has also attracted attention in Palace Yard. Coachmen accustomed to an older generation must be shocked by the habits of modern members. The other day I saw one of the Duke of Devonshire's nephews, Mr. Richard Cavendish, driving down to the House on the top of an omnibus and smoking a pipe.

Parliamentary journalism, as a rule, is dull, but it must be admitted that some of the men who write in the Gallery possess imagination. An evening paper contained an interesting article the other night in which "A. K." commented on the likeness between the two new members for Edinburgh. He referred to them as the two Dromios. Anyone who read these remarks and then looked at the photographs which illustrated the article must have been bewildered. Mr. Dewar has a thinner, longer face than Mr. McCrae, who is of bigger build, with larger features, and darker than his colleague. Mr. Dewar, moreover, is clean-shaved, while Mr. McCrae has a heavy moustache. But perhaps the most imaginative work which has recently appeared was the elaborate sketch given by a provincial paper of Mr. Asquith's demeanour while Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was speaking on the Clerical Bill. The sketch did credit to the Parliamentary writer. Fortunately, his readers did not know that Mr. Asquith arrived in the House too late to hear Sir Henry's speech.

The latest portrait of Sir Henry Irving is from the brush of Mr. Ernest Moore, a clever young Sheffield artist whose work is well known in the North. The portrait is for the Sheffield Press Club, who entertained Sir Henry on a recent visit to the city, and he has now reciprocated the courtesy by giving Mr. Moore special sittings.



THE COMTE DE DION (WHO WAS ARRESTED FOR PARTICIPATING IN THE RECENT ATTACK ON PRESIDENT LOUBET) ON HIS LATEST MOTOR-CAR,

Dalkeith Palace is a plain building, but it has a fine situation, with a good bowling-green, and a beautiful bridge of white stone spanning the Esk River, within sight of the house. The present building, erected in 1700, stands on the site of the old Castle of Dalkeith, which is



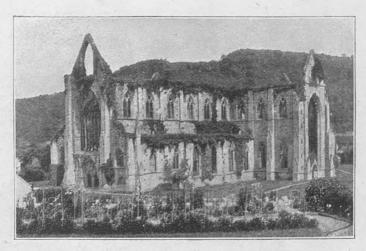
THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S SEAT, DALKEITH PALACE, WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES IS STAYING.

alluded to as far back as 1130, when William de Graham, who had received a grant of lands from David I., was the occupant. In the fourteenth century, the Castle, along with the Barony of Dalkeith, passed by marriage to the house of Douglas.

In 1502 it was the scene of much gaiety on the occasion of the marriage of James IV., when the bride—Princess Margaret—was conducted to Scotland by the Earl of Surrey. For a fortnight the rejoicings were kept up, and the couple, with their followers, then went to Edinburgh to celebrate the marriage at Holyrood. Sixty years later the centre of attraction at the Palace was Mary Queen of Scots, and it had at other times visits from most of the Kings of Scotland. Queen Victoria, on her first visit to Scotland, in 1842, held her Court at Dalkeith. Privileged visitors to the Palace at Dalkeith may view the apartments she occupied, and also the state drawing-room, besides which are usually pointed out the apartments of George IV., and also of General Monk. The grounds extend to over a thousand acres, and there are extensive gardens at Lugton, formed in 1839, in connection.

Tintern Abbey and Raglan Castle may yet become public property, for the Commissioners of Woods and Forests are in negotiation for their purchase. An Abbey for monks of the Cistercian Order was founded at Tintern in 1130 by Walter de Clare, and in many particulars this would seem to have been on similar lines to the old Abbey of the Newbattle Monks in Midlothian, now the residence of the Marquis of Lothian. The existing church at Tintern was built by the Clares, Marshalls, and Bigods, and was not completed till about 1290. The beauties of the Wye Valley are so numerous that it is pleasing that a purchase is contemplated on behalf of the public.

Raglan Castle is one of the favourite destinations of South Wales pienic parties. It was built at various periods, from the time of Henry V. to that of Elizabeth, but it forms a harmonious whole, and is one of the best examples of the decorated stronghold that this country has to show. It was in 1491 that the castle and estate passed by marriage from the Herbert into the Somerset family, and it in due time became the home of



TINTERN ABBEY MAY YET BELONG TO THE NATION.

Henry, fifth Earl of Worcester. After the Battle of Naseby, in 1645, Charles I. took refuge in Raglan Castle. The castle, like the Abbey of Tintern, still belongs to a Somerset family in the person of the Duke of Beaufort, who, indeed, holds many of the treasures in the Wye Valley.

The Prince of Wales, as Duke of Rothsay, Great Steward of Scotland, is to dine in Holyrood Palace to-morrow at the mess of the Royal

Company of Archers, who form the Sovereign's Body-Guard so far as Scotland is concerned. Nobody seems to know how early the Archers came to be entrusted with the protection of the Sovereign as an individual, but the duty first emerges on the definite page of history in 1513, when, at the fatal Field of Flodden, the body of James IV. was found buried under a cairn of bodies consisting of his Archers' Guard, who died to a man in his defence. Subsequent Sovereigns have recognised and enlarged the privileges of the Royal Company; Queen Anne especially giving them a special charter and granting new rights as to ranges for practice, to be held on the condition of giving the Sovereign a reddendo of two barbed arrows on demand, which reddendo has been duly rendered frequently to all Sovereigns since. The Royal Body-Guard is commanded by a Captain-General (the Marquis of Lothian), having under him a certain fixed number of Lieutenants-General, Majors-General, Ensigns-General, Brigadiers-General, an Adjutant-General (the Right Hon. J. A. H. Macdonald), and a Surgeon-General, the whole corps consisting of noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland. The Captain-General is Gold Stick of Scotland, and attends the Sovereign personally on all State occasions, the present Captain-General having ridden in the Jubilee Procession immediately behind the Queen's carriage, a conspicuous figure in the splendid uniform of the Royal Company, and carrying his gold stick of office, which stick, and a certain number of silver and ivory sticks, are handed by each new Sovereign to the officers of the Royal Body-Guard. The colours carried by the corps were presented by William IV., and designed under his personal supervision.

The borough of Devonport is about to do honour to one of its most distinguished sons, Sir William White, the Chief Constructor of the Navy. Forty years ago, when he was a lad of fourteen years of age, he entered Devonport Dockyard,

like any other poor man's son, as a shipwright apprentice. He worked hard, and took innumerable prizes for his technical knowledge, and at twentytwo he became confidential assistant to Sir Edward Reed, who was then Chief Constructor of the Navy. In the next fifteen yearshe won further distinction, and in 1885, after a short period during which he was Chief Constructor to the great Armstrong firm, he returned to the Admiralty to the position that he now fills. It is a post of great responsibility, as may be judged from the fact that he has designed warships which have cost the country over seventy million pounds. Sir William White has reason to be proud of the achievement, especially as none of them have been failures.

There have sprung up within the last two or three years, in the quarter of the Rue de Rivoli at Paris, a great



THE RIGHT HON. J. A. H. MACDONALD.

As Adjutant-General of the Archers.

number of English tea-rooms that are at once an evolution and a curious sign of the times. It is a sign of the larger part given every day to women in the world outside the home, for these places are frequented, above all, by women, to whom they become what the cafés are to the men. These places grow in Paris like mushrooms. The little English retail merchant sets off a corner of his shop, with a table or two behind a screen. It is a timid experiment. Soon the screens are forced back; they encroach upon his counter space, while the kitchen—an alcohol lamp—invades the cashier's desk, and the little merchant sees with astonishment his sales of two-franc packages of "thé Russe, mélange fin," pale into insignificance beside the fifty-centime pieces for ready-brewed that flow faster and faster into his coffer, without his having made any effort at all beyond goodwill.

It is here that the Englishwoman and the American come and talk of International Congresses, or compare notes of travel. Continentals are rarer, but Frenchwomen have taken kindly to the habit and are more numerous every day. The conversation is polyglot, and the food is polygastric. Every day a new dish is demanded by these clients come from the four corners of the globe, and it is extraordinary to see how the little shop answers to these exigencies, as an Indian juggler produces everything from the innocent-looking folds of his robe. Yesterday it was mince-pie and "real" doughnuts, then it was Russian salad or Turkish coffee, and to-morrow it will be something else, till what was at first an English tea-house is now metamorphosed and is become a woman's cabaret on the world's highway. Certainly this does not indicate the ideal dreamed of by M. Paul Bourget when he shook his head disapprovingly at the new American woman. His ideal woman "stays at home and spins the wool," and M. Bourget must gnaw his moustache with chagrin to find these new manners domiciled at Paris,

Admiral Sir R. H. Harris's eldest daughter was married at Simonstown, Cape Colony, on June 1, to Lieutenant Johnstone, 2nd Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles. The bridesmaids were the



THE WEDDING OF ADMIRAL HARRIS'S DAUGHTER.

Photo by L. Jenks, Simonstown.

sisters of the bride, and the best man was Lieutenant Chester Masters. General Sir William Butler and Lady Butler attended the wedding. The bride and bridegroom have since come to England.

now a commencement with the removal of the hoarding that concealed the work of re-erection, which has been in progress during the interval on the old site, reveals a palatial edifice that imparts a new character and attraction to the well-known locality. On the summit of the structure, directly fronting the latter broad thoroughfare, the well-defined figure of an elephant, bearing a castle on its back, has been placed, thus perpetuating the old designation of the time-honoured tayern. In the pre-railway era the Elephant and Castle was a busy hostel—the first on the road from London to Brighton—and now a famous tramear and 'bus centre. It still continues what it has long been, the rendezvous of a large section of South Londoners on the night of the Derby, who assemble there to greet the home-comers from Epsom.

In a week that has seen the publication of an article by Lord Rosebery and the issue of a volume of his lordship's "Appreciations and Addresses," I may note that it is almost nine years since a contribution to periodical literature from the ex-Premier's pen has appeared. Lord Rosebery has had many requests for a magazine article, and, in yielding to an appeal from the editor of the Scottish Liberal—a short-lived weekly, which appeared on Feb, 7, 1890—he began his article on "Reform of the House of Lords" in that journal by stating that he had been invited "to a task which was unfamiliar. But the political struggle is now so keen that perhaps no one should stand aside simply from a sense of incapacity."

The proprietor of the ground on which is situated the famous cottage immortalised by Mr. Barrie in "A Window in Thrums," has sold it to Mr. Alexander McPherson, coal-merchant, Kirriemuir. The "window" of fiction was on the ground-floor, while the window



"AS YOU LIKE IT," AS PLAYED IN THE OPEN AT HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

Photo by Marsh Brothers, Henley-on-Thames.

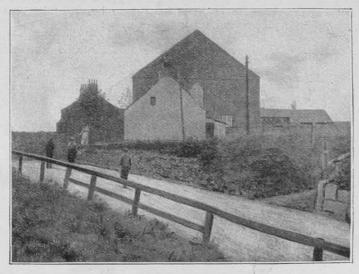
What an excellent idea the playing of Shakspere in the open air is! The other afternoon the Forest Scene in "As You Like It" was given by Mr. Arthur Grenville and Mr. Herbert Grimwood's company in the grounds of Mr. Frank Crisp's place, Friar's Park, Henley, with Miss Mona K. Oram as Rosalind and Mr. G. R. Weir (of Mr. Benson's admirable troupe) as Touchstone. I may add that the Grenville-Grimwood répertoire includes "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "King Réné's Daughter."

The English admirers of the great octogenarian Dutch painter, Mr. Josef Israels, will be interested to hear of his last achievement. He has just finished a huge picture—twelve feet in length and proportionately high—of "David Playing before Saul." It has been a stupendous undertaking, and one that Mr. Israels has worked at for many years. His admirers will be proud that at his age he can treat such a subject with so much power and dramatic force. The world is too accustomed to think of Israels as only a painter of domestic idylls and peasant life. I hear that three wealthy Dutchmen have already bought the picture and are to present it to a public gallery.

The work of Mr. Isaac Israels is utterly different from that of his father. In his childhood the boy would lie on the floor and cover sheet after sheet with figures of soldiers. At fifteen he was doing oil-colours of soldiers at drill or soldiers at mess. At the present day, though he has forsaken the military, he still chooses to paint life and movement. He revels in scenes of stirring street-life, or the smoky interiors of cafés, or gay modern life on the sands at Scheveningen. He is both realistic and poetic, and he is entirely himself. His pastels are particularly clever, but he works too in oil and water-colours.

It is barely eighteen months since the demolition of the old South London landmark, the Elephant and Castle public-house, took place, and

of reality, seen in the gable end of the house in the accompanying illustration, is a small attic-window. From it, however, it is possible, as from the window of the author's creation, to command not only a full view of "the Brae," but also the greater portion of the house-roofs of "Thrums" (Kirriemuir). It can be easily understood how this would suggest to Barrie the idea of deciding what household had visitors by the smoke from the respective chimneys.



THE WINDOW IN THRUMS. Photo by J. B. Maclachlan.

The Duke and Duchess of York are going to Peckham Rye on Saturday next (July 8). There is a delightfully Cockney sound about the proposed outing, a kind of 'Arry and 'Arriet flavour. The object of the Duke and Duchess, however, is not, I understand, to enjoy the usual pastimes pursued by the frequenters of the Rye, but to honour the review of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and present the members of that admirable corps with the medals awarded for long service or special acts of bravery. "The Rye," in spite of the plebeian associations conveyed to Londoners by its name, has quite a time-honoured history. In ancient documents it is called the "Rey," and is supposed to derive its name from the old word "ree," a watercourse, or expanse of water. The Lords of the Manor, who owned much property in its neighbourhood appear to have made the not unusual course, or expanse of water. The Lords of the Manor, who owned much property in its neighbourhood, appear to have made the not unusual encroachments upon it, and as long ago as 1766 vigorous protests were made by the parishioners. In 1865 steps were taken to prevent buildings being erected upon it, and though its absolute ownership was claimed by the Lord of the Manor before the Committee of the House of Commons, the vestry at length were enabled to purchase such manorial rights as were shown to exist, and the Rye became really common property, the case being almost identical with that of Hampstead Heath. In 1891 some fifty acres of land were added, and the Peckham Rya which In 1891 some fifty acres of land were added, and the Peckham Rye which royalty will visit is a magnificent and well-kept lung of London about a hundred and twelve acres in extent.

By the way, the Duke of York's head figures on the new five-cent Newfoundland postage-stamp, of which Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., of Ipswich, who have received an advance supply, have sent me a copy. It bears the likeness of the Duke of York, who is an enthusiastic stamp-collector and President of the London Philatelic Society. This is the fifth of a series of royal-portrait stamps issued by our oldest colony during the past year, the series being as follows: half-cent (Prince Edward of York), one cent (the Queen), two cents (Prince of Wales), three cents (Princess of Wales), and five cents (Duke of York). The set of five stamps can be had for a chilling. The International Philatelic

of York). The set of five stamps can be had for a shilling. The International Philatelic Exhibition was opened at Manchester on Thursday, and closes to-day.

Lady Shelley, who has just died at Boscombe, had been seen but little in London since the death of her husband, the late Sir Percy Shelley, the only son of the poet. Prior to Sir Percy's death, Lady Shelley was fond of literary, artistic, and theatrical society in London, and at one time they owned a small theatre in Chelsea, where they were fond

of giving entertainments to their friends. Sir Percy and Lady Shelley took a great interest in the serious drama, Sir Percy and Lady Shelley took a great interest in the serious drama, and I remember them among the most enthusiastic of the vast audience who witnessed the one performance of "The Cenci" at the Grand Theatre at Islington on that memorable May day when most of London's literary and artistic celebrities astonished the Islingtonians by their advent. Lady Shelley and her husband were enthusiastic about the production, and to Mr. Hermann Vezin and Miss Alma Murray, who so triumphantly assumed the rôles of Count Cenci and the unfortunate Beatrice, they could say nothing too highly appreciative. Lady Shelley, indeed, parted with half of one of her most treasured possessions, a lock of the poet's hair, to present Miss Murray with a fitting tribute to her genius. with a fitting tribute to her genius.

The scraps of dialogue one overhears at a picture-gallery are often interesting, sometimes distinctly precious. While spending an hour among the glorious Turners at the Guildhall the other afternoon, I noticed two ladies standing in front of one of the Venetian masterpieces which no one but this supreme painter has ever given to the world. "Yes," observed one female Philistine, as she looked patronisingly at the canvas, "it's pretty—very pretty; indeed, they really are all very pretty, but we've hardly given them a fair chance coming to see them after the Academy—we ought to have come here first." This is a worthy companion for another scrap, which I caught once at the Abbey. Two tired-looking females stood at the West-door, their peregrination of the noble fane finished. "There dear," said one, who was evidently acting as cicerone, "I don't think we'll go on to St. Paul's; it's just like this, you know, only bigger, and with more monuments." These are indeed precious appreciations, and worthy to be recorded.

The "Sales" have begun again. I have never been at any of those wonderful functions, but I am told, on good authority, that a draper's



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S IDEA OF THE "SALES" (IN 1851).

shop on those occasions is strongly reminiscent of the sack of Rome. The women (well-dressed, I was told) fight with one another for the possession of vast bundles of goods, not so much because they want them, but because the "remnants" are cheap. Judging by Cruikshank's picture, it was precisely the same forty-odd years ago.

Every time I see straw strewn on a busy street—indicating, of course, that somebody is ill in the neighbourhood—I feel how impossible London is for any but the strong and healthy. That, I suppose, is the reason why you so rarely see old people about-

Straw in the street! So light be your tread,
Deaden the sound of those terrible wheels;
Somebody's stretched on a pitiless bed,
Somebody suffers and somebody feels.
Straw in the street
For our hurrying feet,
Somebody somewhere dumbly appeals.

Straw in the street, where life in its zest
Carelessly passes from morning to night,
'Buses go past with a reeling unrest,
Hansoms flit by in perpetual flight.
Straw in the street,
And it's no longer sweet—
Trampled and smirched with the muddiest blight.

Straw in the street! and you know at a glance Somebody's lying imprisoned and maimed, Somebody, longing to join in the dance, Struck by a terror and hopelessly tamed.

Straw in the street,
And the watch on his beat
Passes the place with a tread that is shamed.

Straw in the street and a light in the pane,

Though flambeaux are quenched and the lamps have gone out;
Yet even the drip in the dawn of the rain

May weary the vanquished who tosses about,

Or snatches at sleep

When the 'buses that creep

Have ceased for the nonce in their lumbering rout.

Straw in the street when the harvest should lie
Out in the fields in the wind and the sun—
London has scarcely the time for a sigh;
London is not for the race that is run.
Straw in the street,
And it sweats in the heat—
Telling the tale of the fact we would shun.



WILSON BARRETT.



SARAH BERNHARDT.





EDWIN BOOTH.



SIR HENRY IRVING.

A Bloemfontein correspondent writes to me as follows-

As an Englishman who has lived in this country for many years, I would ask you to convince your readers that the people of this country do in no way desire war. They are aware that grievances exist in the Transvaal; but nearly all believe that, if matters are only left to right themselves, reform will soon follow. Constant nagging makes the position difficult; how difficult, Paul Kruger and the prominent men of both States only know. It would surprise you and many of your readers to see here in Bloemfontein the excellent good-feeling and understanding that exist between Englishmen and the Boers here. They meet in clubs and at social gatherings, in business and in sport, and there is not the least suggestion of race hatred. What moderate Englishmen and the people of the country most desire is peace and the privilege of managing their own affairs without outside interference. If once it became evident that every trumpery complaint that the capitalist gang cared to bring forward would not be considered by the Colonial Office, then my own opinion, and that of the prominent men in both States, is that reform would follow in the Transvaal. Deserving Outlanders, as distinct from the "unrest-mongers," would get the franchise, and general prosperity would come to South Africa. South African statesmen are not afraid of dealing with the pressing questions that are before them; they express confidence that, with time, they will be able to correct all errors, but they do fear that England, by reason of the many lies that are purposely manufactured, may threaten their independence either directly or indirectly; and this paralyses their action, and makes it difficult for them to persuade the simple farmers to make any concessions. I have heard the opinion expressed by a prominent man here that, "if Mr. Chamberlain would declare once and for all that he will not consider any complaints made by the share-speculators, it would not be long before the question of the franchise, at least, would be settled to the satisfaction of the the Home Government.

I have received a pile of photographs dealing with Bloemfontein and the Kruger Conference. Bloemfontein, which was founded in 1846, is a



PRESIDENT KRUGER ENTERING THE CENTRAL BUREAU.

prettily situated town on a plateau dotted with kopjes here and there, and contains a population of some ten thousand, half number being the whites. President Steyn, who was elected in 1896, is the first President born in the State, and received his education at the Grey College, subsethe quently studying law at our own Temple. The Conference took place at the Central Bureau, or offices of the Free State Railway, a fine pile of buildings only re-cently completed.

President Kruger, who has suffered considerably from an affection of the eyes, was unable to remain long at a reception given in his honour by President Steyn, and the pressure of prevented business the visitors

accepting numerous offers of hospitality on the part of the leading citizens. The city has got several fine buildings, notably the Raad Zaal, or House of Parliament, a massive structure with Doric columns, surmounted by a domed tower. The Government offices are fronted by a statue of Sir John Brand, who for twenty-five years occupied the Presidential chair, and was mourned by every South African.

It is more than probable that, even if Major Marchand had not been ordered by his Government to withdraw from Fashoda, he would have been driven sooner or later from the Bastion des Anglais—which was the only solid portion of his mud-built fort—by pressure other than of a diplomatic character, for, in his recently issued report on the Soudan, Sir William Garstin, alluding to Fashoda, than which "a more dreary or uninviting spot it is impossible to conceive," remarks that, unfortunately, rats swarm everywhere and destroy everything, and that mosquitoes render life well-nigh insupportable. It is possible, however, that, in the absence of a modern" Pied Piper of Hamelin," the distinguished traveller, rather than yield to the aggressiveness of these destructive rodents, might have endeavoured to establish a society upon "sporting and anti-verminous principles," similar to that which was inaugurated at Swaffham in the early part of the present century, with the combined object of affording amusement to its subscribers and of ridding the local farms of these noxious pests. With what success this unique institution carried on its operations may be gathered from the fact that during a single season. operations may be gathered from the fact that, during a single season, close upon three thousand rats fell victims to the terriers and ferrets. But as to the mosquitoes, it is quite conceivable that any attempt to dislodge them from their position would have led to a stinging rejoinder.

The first Post Office ever known at the Cape has been rather recently discovered owing to alterations in Adderly Street, the principal thoroughfare of Cape Town. A large slab of granite was found beneath the Broadway in front of the present Post Office, bearing the following



THE EARLIEST POST OFFICE AT THE CAPE. Photo by Edwards.

inscription: "The London arrived the 10 of May here from Surat bound for England and departed 20 dicto. Richard Blyth, Captain. 1622. Here under look for letters." And further down the stone another hand has added: "1629. Jan Reynor Glock. Jasper van Beringhen. 7 Jan." It is supposed that the letters left by Captain Richard Blyth for ports at which he was not touching were taken on, seven years later, by Jan Reynor Glock and delivered by him, his name and the date being left on the stone as evidence that he had done so. The stone was found in its original position in Adderly Street-which was evidently a spot well known to mariners, even when the town was not—during street excavations in 1896; but it is only lately that the old stone has been raised to dignity and honour, and set up in a glass case in the present Post Office, a handsome building whose extensive premises contrast quaintly with its elementary ancestor.

You may remember the picture I gave the other day of a church in which services are held only twice a year. A correspondent to the Yorkshire Weekly Post has blown the description of the picture (which was sent to me apparently in good faith) to a thousand pieces,

(1) What the writer calls a "church" is a chapel. (2) It was not erected as a monument to Lord Clifford. (3) The battle in question was in Saxton, and not in Lead, which is on the other side of the Cock Beck from Saxton. (4) Services were not there instituted for the repose of Lord Clifford's soul. (5) The Vicar of Ryther does not receive the tithes from the 1009 acres of Lead. (6) Neither land nor tithe from the 1009 acres of Lead is dedicated to the little incumbency. (7) The acreage of Lead is not 1009 acres, but 1055. (8) The services are held by the Vicar of Saxton, and not by the Vicar of Ryther, although the latter gives the necessary permission; and so I might go on, stigmatising error after error.

The facts are (1) that the chapel at Led, Lied, or Lede—the name is spelt in all these ways in Domesday—Lead as is the modern use, was a private chapel, (2) founded in the latter half of the thirteenth century, (3) by a member of the Tyas family, (4) whose memorials remain in the chancel of the building, and (5) have been figured not altogether accurately in Whitaker. (6) It had been in existence nearly two centuries before the Battle of Towton; and (7) at the Dissolution it was overlooked, or, at least, unsurveyed, probably because it was disused, had neither goods nor ornament, was entirely unendowed, and in private possession, as it has remained till this day.



THE BOARD-ROOM OF THE CENTRAL RAILWAY BUREAU AT BLOEMFONTEIN. WHERE PRESIDENT KRUGER CONFERRED WITH SIR ALFRED MILNER.

Photo by Wright and Andrews.

In the transformation of Leicester Square that is now taking place the rise of the Queen's Hotel is a conspicuous feature. It completely dwarfs the Empire next door, and, but for the fact that on the opposite

side of

caterers,

the

another gorgeous re-

staurant-hotel has been

erected, the Queen's would be much more notable-looking than it It has been built

by Messrs. Baker and Co., the well-known

represented in many

parts of London by

spacious restaurants, and it has been decorated on the most elaborate scale by the Maples. It would be difficult to conceive of

better site for a hotel. Leicester Square

has many attractions.

It is within reach of all the amusements.

The district is always

lively, and it is in the heart of the best dining-places in town.

who are



QUEEN'S HOTEL, LEICESTER SQUARE. Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

Not that you need go out to dinner when you live at the Queen's, for there is an excellent dining-hall and grill-room, and the whole place is modelled on the best modern lines.

Why will they pull down all our delightful old inns, Metropolitan and suburban, and build brand-new up-to-date "hotels," with glittering bars and decorated walls in place of the old-world, picturesque homeliness? Hounslow Heath has gone this many a year (did not our young friend, Count von Resen, in William Black's charming "Adventures of a Phaeton," inquire what had become of it some twentyfive years ago?), and the gibbets on which Crabb Robinson descanted naturally disappeared with it.

Heath and highwaymen have disappeared for ever, though Mr. Frith's spirited picture of Claude Duval dancing the celebrated minuet remains to remind us that the latter had sometimes chivalrous and sentimental instincts. I believe, by the way, that Macaulay repeats this story or lovered of the

story or legend of the gallant Claude. Now the last perhaps of the haunts of the highwaymen in this historic district will be swept away by the destruc-tion of the Old Bell Inn, which is said to have been the rendezvous of many a desperate Knight of the Road, including the famous Duval and the perhaps more famous Turpin. Will not the architect of the new hotel commemorate their redoubtable doings in his scheme of decoration? Here, surely, tion? Here, surely, should be ample scope for both colour and imagination.

The house in Skene Square, Aberdeen, where John Phillip, the famous painter of Spanish scenes, was born in 1817, is coming down. Aberdeen is rather proud of its connection with art. It gave the world



JOHN PHILLIP, THE GREAT PAINTER OF SPANISH SCENES, WAS BORN HERE. Photo by J. S. Greenaere, Aberdeen.

George Jamesone, who is the earliest portrait-painter this country produced, and also Sir George Reid, the President of the Royal Scottish Academy.

The drought of early June, though it seriously affected the watersupply in many rural districts, quite failed to clear the water from

derelict Essex in the neighbourhood of Fambridge and Wickham Ferris. So far as the casual glimpses afforded by the train may be relied upon, the fields of a few years back are destined to remain ponds, shallow in summer, but with some depth in winter, when they attract wild-fowl from the distant marshes. It is a thousand pities that the Government does not take steps to stay the encroachment of the water upon our East Coast. Hundreds of acres are going out of cultivation, and the sea is slowly but surely absorbing landmarks. Only a few weeks ago a picture was given in these columns of a lighthouse that had to be moved inland because of the sea's persistent inroads. Why does not the Government do as its predecessors did centuries ago, and send for the Dutchmen if native labour cannot be found? It is surprising, but true, that most of the operations in Lincolnshire for drainage and protection against the water were made by the Dutch, whose experience was rightly deemed better than that of any other nation in Europe. If Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk belonged to Holland, the encroachment of the sea would come to a speedy end. There are various grasses that defy the advances of water, and mechanical devices by the score. Many people are cognisant of the damage done to England by the unrestricted inroads of the water; but the idea of taking active steps to bring about a better state of things remains within the narrow limits of polite discussion.

The statue of Tom Hughes, which has been sculptured by Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., was unveiled at Rugby on the 24th ult. by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, you may remember, was headmaster of the school

from 1858 to 1869. It is over sixty years since Judge Hughes was a boy at Rugby under Arnold. "Tom Brown's School-days, which was published in 1856, will possibly outlive nearly every English book issued at that period.

The Duke of Rutland's cryptic allusion in the House of Lords (writes a correspondent) to the Guards' Memorial in Waterloo Place, as an argument against exposing to view the backs of public men who have been immortalised by a grateful country in bronze or marble, has considerably puzzled the observant Lon-doner. I have since passed and repassed the famous memorial in question in the hope of being able to discover the true significance of the noble Duke's meaning, but all to no purpose. At the present time the rear portion of the George Canning



MONUMENT OF JUDGE HUGHES, AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

Photo by Hensman and Co., Rugby.

statue, the removal of which to a more suitable locale was so strongly urged by Viscount Sidmouth, is visible only to the occupants of some of the offices which face the small piece of greensward adjoining the Buxton Fountain. Its suggested removal is certainly not the outcome of any undue sensitiveness on their part, but it would indeed be a genuine grievance to the large colony of sparrows which for many years past have found a favourite habitat in all parts of the great statesman's anatomy.

A correspondent writes as follows—

In The Sketch of June 21 you stated that the Seaforths and Camerons had been granted the right of bearing "Atbara" only as an "honour" on their colours, implying that, although they had been engaged at Omdurman, they had done nothing to deserve the "honour" of "Khartoum" which was granted to all the other regiments who were engaged. If you refer to the General Orders granting "honours" to the various regiments, you will see that the Highland regiments had "Atbara" and "Khartoum" granted to them, which is not to be wondered at when you consider the casualty list. In the eight British infantry regiments engaged at the battles, there were 87 casualties, of which 27 were in the Camerons and 17 in the Seaforths, making a total of 44 between the two Highland regiments, a fact which, I think you will allow, proves that they had their share of the fighting.

My correspondent perhaps did not notice the (?) after the word "only," inserted to show that I believed the Scaforths and Camerons were entitled to more than one "honour," and that the account I had read was incorrect.

On hot nights one does not look to see good programmes at suburban music-halls, but, being in Clapham a week ago, I put in an hour at the Grand, and was very favourably impressed by the performance of a little fellow, as yet unknown to fame, by the name of Master Charlie Clarke.

Among the smallest and most beautiful of ladies' pet-dogs are the Chihuahua dogs from Mexico, sometimes called the Papillon, or Butterfly dog, from the shape of their ears, which are very large in proportion to their tiny bodies, and should be well feathered and standing out like the wings of a butterfly. These dogs are very rare in England, and at the present time I know of only two residing in London. One of these is

Bébé, a bright and merry

MRS. CHARLES WIGHTMAN'S BÉBÉ. Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

Wightman, of the Conduit Lodge, Fitzjohn's to thoroughly investigate. He is a beautifully marked fawn-and-white dog, and was sketched as typical of his rare and little-known breed the chapter on for

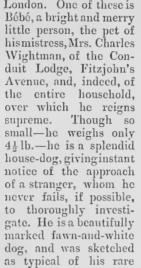
"Some Other Varieties," written for the 1899 edition of Rawdon Lee's invaluable volume treating on the many varieties of non-sporting dogs. Bébé has never been shown, and his happy and beautiful existence is but little known outside the immediate circle of his owner's friends.

Toy bulldogs at the present time can take a foremost place as the favourite dogs of ladies of rank and fashion, while the ever-increasing number one sees at all important shows, almost invariably led into the

judging-rings by their fair owners themselves, proves their growing popularity. Countess de Grey may fairly claim the honour of starting these most charming dogs in the smart world. She has kept them for twelve years or more, and has has kept them for twelve years or more, and has exhibited them on several occasions, though not very recently. Her Champion Bite is one of, if not quite, the best of his kind. He has a first-rate body and legs, a lovely head and nice little rose-cars, a great point with those who wish to see him as near as possible to the correct bulldog type, only in miniature; while at the same time there are others, including Lady de Grey herself, who favour the bat or tulip ear. Champion Bite can claim the honour of English birth and breeding. Lady de Grey is his breeder, his sire being Lady

Lady de Grey is his breeder, his sire being Lady Carnarvon's Rubi, and his dam his mistress's own Pearl. He is scarcely five years old, and, though so seldom competing, is the winner of champion honours and many first prizes.

Petit Crib is another toy bulldog of fame, and is owned by the Hon. Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour. He is a handsome brindle and white, now about eighteen months old, and weighing only 19 lb. Coupled with Lina II., another owned by Mrs. Baillie, he has taken the brace prize, these two being the smallest pair exhibited together. Petit Crib's own wins are many, and all where the competition has been keen. His latest were at the recent Aquarium Bulldog Show, where he was awarded the championship for the best toy bulldog present. This being his second, we may soon hope to see him, like Bite, entitled to the coveted prefix. Mrs. Baillie is an enthusiastic admirer of these delightful little dogs, as



PETIT CRIB. Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

everyone must be who has an intimate knowledge of them. They make charming house-pets, being quiet and extremely affectionate, and very playful. Among their special points (as set forth by their own Club, which was brought into prominence during 1898) are that they shall as closely as possible resemble the big bulldog, also that the most desirable weight is below 20 lb. Any of either sex exceeding 22 lb. shall be disqualified. Petit Crib is well

inside this limit, and we may hope soon to see some of his progeny figuring near him on the different show-benches.

A novelty in "curious nesting sites" is reported from Maldon, Essex, by a correspondent of the Field. A boy in search of magpies' eggs saw a nest in the topmost branch of a high tree, and forthwith climbed to it; the nest was occupied by a cat who was nursing three newly born kittens!

Sir T. B. Cusack-Smith, Consul-General at Valparaiso, who was, if I am not mistaken, instrumental in making the



LADY DE GREY'S CHAMPION BITE.

joys of polo known to the appreciative natives of Samoa, suggests in his last Report a new source of supply of polo-ponies in Chili. The Chilian ponies stand about fourteen hands or fourteen hands two inches high; they seem not to know what fear is, and their handiness and confidence in their rider is such that Sir T. Cusack-Smith has seen a Chilian ride his pony headlong at a house, only turning it as its head was on the point of hitting the wall. These ponies are as sure-footed as mules, and carry astounding weights, seeming not to mind what the owner is pleased to put upon their backs. "A chest of drawers, an iron bedstead and mattress, head the conditions the conditions of the conditions the conditions they are the conditions of t

besides the cooking utensils and other para-phernalia," indicates a spirit so accommodating that the education required for polo should come to the Chilian pony like a sum in addition to a Senior Wrangler.

Broken with a very severe bit, they appear to require none at all afterwards, as none is put in the mouth of an ordinary harness-pony. They jump well, are fast and very hardy, while many are real pictures to look at. This compact embodiment of equine virtues can be purchased for almost any sum under £10. With polo-ponies fetching as much as 750 guineas in this country,

there ought to be a demand for the Chilian article, and there should be a rich harvest for an enterprising importer.

It was in October 1894 that the big python at the "Zoo" fell into the deplorable error of swallowing his companion, a snake only a few inches shorter than himself. A similar disaster is reported from Bombay, where for some years past two large Indian pythons had occupied a cage in the Museum of the Bombay Natural History Society. There was some misunderstanding between them over a partridge, for they were found so tightly entangled in each other's coils that the utmost endeavours of peacemaking keepers failed to effect a separation, and they were left to settle the matter according to their own lights. Next day there was only one very stout python visible. These large reptiles evidently know but one way of settling a quarrel.



FATHER (AGED 4 YEARS) AND SON (AGED 4 MONTHS). Photo by Nicholls, Johannesburg.



LOOKING HEAVENWARDS. Being the Pets of Mr. E. Molesworth, Littleborough.

I deal with the rise of the Volunteers elsewhere apropos of the great review, where the Civil Service Corps will make a brave show.

Perhaps one of the most curious contributions to the recent debate on the Government Works Bill was that made by a member who thought that the Volunteers



THE CIVIL SERVICE VOLUNTEERS IN 1860.

From an Old Print.

should contribute to the expenses of providing suitable ranges — for which the Government allocated the small sum of £40,000 — because they "enjoy an immense number of immunities as compared with the Army." As the Army and Navy Gazette points out, they would enjoy still greater immunities by stepping out of the ranks altogether, and would not pay one penny more in taxes than they do now.

The great difficulty in getting recruits for the Army has undoubtedly been the poor prospect—under the short-service system—of ensuring employment for the men after their term of service with the colours. This

difficulty the Corps of Commissionaires has been engaged in solving, and with great success. At the annual General Meeting of the Governors of the Corps, at which Sir Edward Walter, the founder, was present, it

was announced that the confidential reports of employers of members of the Corps were everything that could be desired, and that at Glasgow alone there was employment open for at least fifty additional men. The real difficulty was not the want of good situations, but the inadequate supply of properly qualified men to fill them. The establishment of divisions of the Corps is proceeding apace, and in the autumn Bristol, Bath, and other populous centres of the Western District will be supplied with Commissionaires. At the Northern extremity, the barracks at Glasgow and Edinburgh have been much improved, and the Commissionaires hope soon to be able to fill up the map of Great Britain with their stations.

with their stations. An ablebodied, well-educated soldier of high character can always find a suitable opening if he joins the Corps. Undoubtedly with employers the discipline acquired by the men when in the Army counts for much.



A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD PROTÉGÉ OF MELBA'S.

Photo by Tulma, Mellourne.

The Lords of the Admiralty must have learnt with relief the other day that the great battleship Victorious, which they were venturesome enough to send out to the China Squadron when the war - clouds seemed about to burst, has at last been safely docked; but not in a British dock-that is the point of the story. At the end of last year it was found that the vessel could not steam any longer until she had been put into dock in order that her hull might be cleaned of barnacles and seaweed and her under-water fittings overhauled. It was then it was discovered that there was no dock in which she

could be safely placed. Months passed in communicating with the home authorities, and at one time it was said that the vessel would have to be brought home. But at length a way out of the difficulty was suggested, and, with the consent of the Japanese, the Victorious was ingloriously taken off to Yokosuka Navy Yard, and there placed in dock by the Japanese

in dock by the Japanese officers of this arsenal. It was a task requiring the most delicate skill, as, after all possible weights had been removed from the ship, there was only a foot to spare between the ship's keel and the sill of the Yokosuka dock.

Every Volunteer should order a copy of The Sketch next Wednesday, for it will deal at great length with the history of Bisley, giving portraits of all the more important winners of the Queen's Prize.

I wonder if any of my correspondents can give me any details about Trumpeter-Major William Gray, who was orderly to Lord Cardigan at Balaelava, and whose

orderly to Lord Cardigan

at Balaclava, and whose trumpet was sold by Messrs. Debenham, Storr, and Co. the other day for £100. According to the auctioneer's catalogue, Gray, on leaving the

Army, was employed at the Church Missionary College, Upper Street,
Islington, and was a prominent
witness in the Court of Inquiry re
Lord Cardigan.

The Reina Mercedes, the Spanish cruiser sunk at the mouth of Santiago Harbour and refloated by a salvage company, seems to be a sort of white elephant to the Americans. Though raised and towed to the Norfolk Navy Yard, and accepted for the Navy, it is estimated that to refit and modernise her would cost at least £50,000, and, besides this, she would require a new armament to become serviceable. The Naval authorities are unwilling to go to this expense.

A CHINESE DRAGON THAT KEEPS OFF EVIL SPIRITS.

Photo by Mrs. Smith, Marysville, California.

This dragon, three hundred feet long, is carried by Chinaman through the town of Marysville, California, can always find a suit-

to keep away evil spirits. It is a long, undulating creature, made of brilliant-coloured silk and paper, with glaring electric eyes. It needs one hundred and fifty Chinamen to carry it, and, as may be seen from this picture, makes a curious spectacle.

Miss Lulu Grau, the daughter of Mr. Maurice Grau, Managing Director of the Opera, leads a roving life. She spends six months a-year in America, three months in London while the Opera is on, and the summer at the Continental watering-places. She is the pet of all the Opera stars.

 $\begin{array}{ccc} Madame\,Melba\,has\\ sent & Fritz & Mueller\\ \pounds 100\ to\ enable\ him\ to\\ come\ to\ England. \end{array}$

After an absence of four years, Miss Blanche Horlock is returning to the stage, rejoining Mr. Terry.

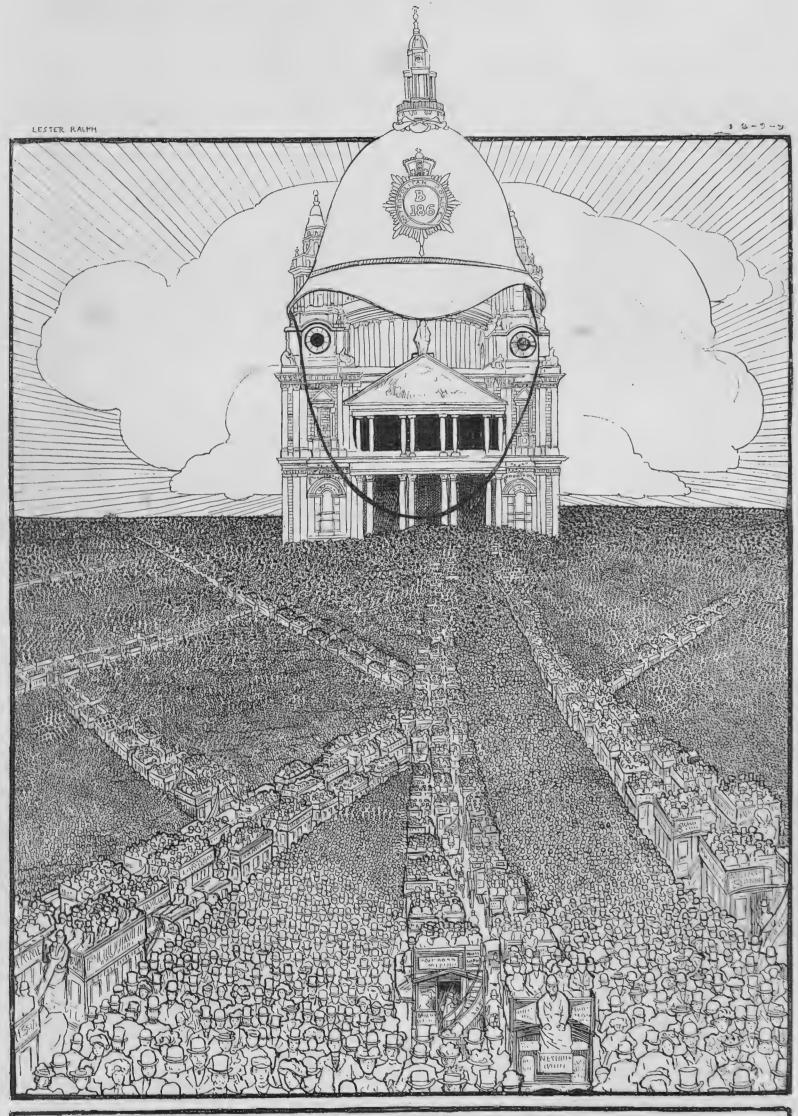


THE CIVIL SERVICE VOLUNTEERS AT THE PRESENT TIME.



LULU, DAUGHTER OF MR. GRAU, OF THE OPERA.

1 that by Dupont, New York.



LONDON

JOHN FLAXMAN, "THE SCULPTOR OF ETERNITY."

To-morrow is the anniversary of the advent of John Flaxman to a world which at a later date he would adorn by his pencil and his chisel. The city of York claims the honour of his birth, for there in July 1755 his parents happened to be staying on business. But before the child was



JOHN FLAXMAN, AS PORTRAYED BY HIMSELF IN A MEDALLION WHICH IS NOW IN THE MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

six months old they brought him to their home in New Street, Covent Garden. Here, under the sign of the Golden Head, his father worked as a moulder and seller of plaster casts.

Nature was not wholly kind to the potential artist, John, whom Blake has styled "the Sculptor of Eternity." He was slightly deformed, and, as a boy, extremely delicate. At the age of ten, however, he grew much stronger, and discarded his crutches. He had a serious face, with an earnest expression, large deep-blue eyes, longish curling brown hair, a high, fine forehead, a pleasing mouth, and a sweet smile. This description is borne out by many portraits.

is borne out by many portraits.

Flaxman had little schooling, in the ordinary sense, and spent his boyhood chiefly in his father's shop. The studious child naturally drew the attention of his father's clients, notably that of the Rev. John Mathew and his cultured wife. At their house in Rathbone Place he spent many pleasant hours, in company with Blake and Stothard.

spent many pleasant hours, in company with Blake and Stothard.

At fourteen he became a student at the Royal Academy, and lost no time in winning the Silver Medal. By the time he was forty-two, he had become an Associate of the Academy, and in 1800 a full member, when his diploma work was a marble relief, "Apollo and Marpessa." In 1810 he was appointed Professor of Sculpture, a chair instituted on purpose for him in recognition of his genius.

purpose for him in recognition of his genius.

Flaxman's talent was generously acknowledged and appreciated by his contemporaries. For instance, Canova: "You come to Rome to admire my work, while you possess in your own country a Flaxman, an artist whose designs excel in classical grace all that I have been acquainted with in modern art." Schlegel also was loud in his praise. Thomas Banks, when he saw the Mansfield memorial in Westminster Abbey, for which Flaxman got £2500, exclaimed, "This little man cuts us all out!"

From the age of twenty Flaxman worked for seven years as modeller and designer to the firm of Wedgwood and Bentley. Everyone admires the lovely designs on the Wedgwood ware, and it must not be forgotten that to Flaxman's genius a large share of the Wedgwood reputation is due. The original designs for the famous set of chessmen which he modelled are still among the chief treasures of the manufactory at Etruria. Most of these figures were made in white jasper, but some were in blue or black with a white pedestal. In the Ceramic Room at South Kensington Museum are specimens of Flaxman's Wedgwood designs. There also is the terra-cotta medallion in high-relief here reproduced.

There also is the terra-cotta medallion in high-relief here reproduced.

Those interested in Flaxman's work should, of course, see the Flaxman Gallery at University College, which represents the entire contents of his studio at his death, including many valuable sketches, the casts of his principal works, and all his working models—the bequest of his wife's sister, Maria Denman. Several examples of his skill are among Sir John Soane's collection, while others are at the British Museum. In our cathedrals and churches, Flaxman's memorial reliefs

are well to the front. In Chichester Cathedral there are eight. In Eartham Church is a beautiful relief to Hayley's son, who died of consumption. His monument to Chatterton is in the Church of St. Mary Redeliffe, Bristol. Flaxman's last piece of statuary is the grand marble group at Petworth, "Michael and Satan," executed out of one block of marble for Lord Egremont. The friezes on the front of Covent Garden Theatre were designed by Flaxman. He is, moreover, responsible for some of the external decorations of Buckingham Palace.

But, when all is told, Flaxman is greater as a designer than as a sculptor. His marbles lost in dignity from the fact that they were worked from half-sized models. His simple and beautiful designs illustrating the poets would alone give him a title to fame. Those for the Iliad and Odyssey, numbering seventy-three, were commissioned by Mrs. Hare-Naylor, who paid fifteen shillings each for them; the Dante designs were for Mrs. Hope; while those for Æschylus, at a guinea each, were done for Lady Spencer. His designs for Hesiod were engraved by Blake. In the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, there is a curious volume written and illustrated with forty drawings by Flaxman. It is an allegorical poem in blank verse, entitled "The Knight of the Blazing Cross," and was a birthday gift to his wife in 1796.

Cross," and was a birthday gift to his wife in 1796.

In 1782 Flaxman married Anne Denman, an event which evoked memorable words from Sir Joshua Reynolds, Celibate. "So, Mr. Flaxman," he said, "I hear that you are married; if so, you are ruined for an artist." The remark burnt in, and ultimately led to Flaxman's studies in Italy. He took his bride to 27, Wardour Street, where for five years they lived frugally, in order to save enough money to leave England. During this period Flaxman was elected a parish officer of St. Anne's, Soho, one of his duties being to collect the Watch rates.

In the spring of 1787 they were able to start for Rome, and the newspapers—even then personal—announced the departure thus: "We understand that

understand that Flaxman, the sculptor, is about to leave his modest mansion in Wardour Street for Rome." They remained in Italy for seven years, making the Via Felice their headquarters. Flaxman's wife proved a splendid helpmate and companion.

On their return to London, Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman set up house at No. 7, Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square. This was then a fashionable quarter. Part of the Square had been built by the famous Brothers Adam, and neighbourhood was described as "a new. scantily peopled region, lying open to the hills of Hampstead and Highgate." To-day's aspect forms glaring and painful contrast. The streets about the Square are sordid, squalid; and the houses are inhabited by the poor and the sad. Quite close to Flaxman's abode now flaunts a large public-house, calling itself "The George and Dragon."

Flaxman's homecircle here included his wife, his halfsister, Mary Ann Flaxman, and his sister-in-law, Maria.



FLAXMAN'S HOUSE: 7, BUCKINGHAM STREET,
FITZROY SQUARE.
Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

There were no children. He died at his house, and was buried in St. Giles-in-the-Fields. On his tomb the following words are engraved—

John Flaxman, R.A., P.S., whose mortal life was a constant preparation for a blessed immortality; his angelic spirit returned to the Divine Giver on the 7th of December, 1826, in the 72nd year of his age.

E. M. E.

"H.MS PINAFORE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM AS THE BUMBOAT WOMAN.

[&]quot;For I m called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup though I could never tell why; but still I'm called Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup, sweet Little Buttercup I! I've snuff and tobaccy, and excellent jacky, I've seissors, and watches, and knives; I've ribbons and laces to set of the faces of pretty young sweethearts and wires."

"H.M.S. PINAFORE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

By far the best light-music entertainment that you can go to in town at this moment is undoubtedly "H.M.S. Pinafore," which was revived at the Savoy on June 6. The opera was produced at the Opéra Comique on May 25, 1878, and is thus one-and-twenty years old. It was revived at the Savoy on Nov. 12, 1887, and now, after a lapse of twelve years, it is with us again. The "Pina-fore" has always struck me as being amusing, but not until the present revival had I recognised what a little masterpiece it is—full of gaiety, brimful of character, and mirthful from first to last. The curious thing is that the opera is not in the least oldfashioned. As a matter of fact, some of its latest successors have on revival shown signs of having become a little threadbare and dusty at the hem. But the "Pinafore" is as fresh as the paint on the good ship's bulwarks, possibly because it has not been burdened so much as its successors by the perplexing intricacies of Mr. Gilbert's inversions. And it is beautifully acted, for, after all is said and done, the Savoy remains the one theatre in London which can be said to be a school of acting, distinctive and unique. Of the original cast only one



MISS EMMIE OWEN AS COUSIN HEBE.

She is one of the sisters and the cousins and the aunts who crowd with Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.D., on board the "Pinafore,"

remains, figure namely, Mr. Richard Temple, whose voice is as good as ever it was, while his acting has, of course, grown better with experience. He has appeared in all the three productions of the opera. Miss Rosina Brandram is the only other member of the present cast who has acted in any other production of the "Pinafore," for she repeats her part (as only she can) of Sweet Little Buttercup, the bumboat woman. Mr. H. A. Lytton makes an excellent Captain Corcoran. I am a great admirer of Mr. Lytton, who seems to me the only artist in this country who could fill a part in a Mozart opera with any real adequateness, for he sings, he acts, he dances, he carries himself with such rare distinction. Mr. Walter Passmore, as Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., has happily whittled down his Cockneyisms. The revival of the opera serves to remind us how many phrases Mr. Gilbert has added to the stock of the day. Indeed, no other dramatist, not even Mr. Pinero, has created so much of our current phraseology Mr. Gilbert. Altogether it is one of the brightest and best entertainments that you can see, and is naturally drawing crowds to the Savoy.



DICK DEADEYE (MR. R. TEMPLE) AND THE CAPTAIN (MR. H. A. LYTTON).

"Kind captain, your young lady is a sighing, sing hey, the simple captain that you are, this very night with Rackstraw to be flying; sing hey, the merry maiden and the tur."



DICK DEADEYE AND RALPH RACKSTRAW (MR. ROBERT EVETT).

"Forbear, nor carry out the scheme you've planned. She'ts a lady—you a foremast hand! Remember, she's your gallant capitan's daughter, and you the meanest slave that crawls the water."

"H.M.S. PINAFORE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



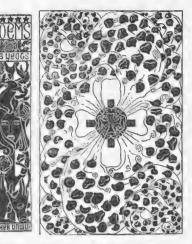
MISS RUTH VINCENT AS JOSEPHINE, THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

"Sorry her lot who loves too well, heavy the heart that hopes but vainly; and are the sighs that own the spell, uttered by eyes that speak too plainly; heavy the sorrow that down the head when love is alive and hope is dead?"

THE MAGIC MUSE OF MR. W. B. YEATS

Within the past few weeks Mr. W. B. Yeats has been unusually to the front. His play, "The Countess Cathleen," has been produced in Dublin, Mr. Unwin has issued a new edition of his poems, while Dublin, Mr. Unwin has issued a new edition of his poems, while Mr. Elkin Mathews has published a new book, entitled "The Wind among the Reeds"—both of

them fine specimens of format.



COVER OF MR. UNWIN'S EDITION.

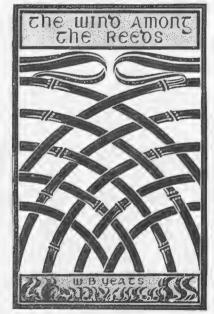
Mr. Yeats has revised the main body of his poetry for Mr. Unwin. He presents it now perfected, so far as has been possible to him, and tells us that, along with "The Wind among the Reeds," this volume contains all his published verse that he cares to preserve. Though his output is not great, he has produced enough for us to judge him fairly; and judgment is the easier that he has always had an instinctive knowledge of his limits, and has never made luckless incursions into fields where his heart did not call him. Among living English poets his is the clearest individuality, and it is certainly with no thought

of disparaging the poetry of the day, only slandered by those who do not read it, that I would declare his to be the most authentic. In Ireland he may be admired indiscriminately from patriotic motives. But his audience here is among such as love poetry, a much smaller band than the cultivated lovers of letters. The difference between him and a man of pretty fancies with a literary style is so distinct, that it marks him off from a great many admirable verse-writers with greater accomplishments and more catholic inspirations than his. But while his work must be judged as poetry, and not merely from a literary point of view, the form of it has been a matter of incessant care to him. He is a fastidious reviser. There are some alterations in this latest text that I regret, and others that are completely satisfying. He is ever uneasily searching after betterment, goaded by the artist within him. The gift of music is his. For proof, read "Inisfree," "To an Isle in the Water," and a There are some alterations in this latest text that I regret, and And now and again there falls from him the inevitable utterance of the great poetry. It does not matter whether the mood be on him often or seldom; whether the stream of his verse flow broad or narrow: the closing lines of "The Countess Cathleen" came from an unquenchable source of living water-

Tell them who walk upon the floor of peace That I would die, and go to her I love; The years like great black oxen tread the world, And God, the herdsman, goads them on behind, And I am broken by their passing feet.

Some fervent believers in the genuineness of Mr. Yeats's inspiration may be more hopeful than I as to the spread of his popularity. I cannot foresee a time when he will speak intimately to the souls of multitudes.

In one sense, he is a very easy poet to understand. His expression is remarkably lucid. His themes are not difficult; only, to most people, they have no reality. True, there was a time when Celtic poetry spread over Europe with an overmastering wave, and not in a soft, tame age either. Macpherson's "Ossian" was read with delight by Napoleon. But, besides the fact that a typical Englishman like Dr. Johnson thought "Ossian" was nonsense, Mr. Yeats does something more dangerous than dish up the Celtic bard for modern palates. His is not merely the poetry of old legendary heroes and of nature. There is a note of revolt in it which will shock three-fourths of those who realise its meaning, a cry not the less stirring that it is melodious and insinuating. It calls to men in the market-place, in the churches, in the senate, to come away, come away, out of



COVER OF MR. ELKIN MATHEWS' EDITION.

the coil of right and wrong, out of the maze of duty and striving, into a land that is, to him and all mystics, as real as was Hell to an old Calvinist-a land with other codes, where dwell the deep wisdom we may not practise here, the Beauty we see by glimpses, the land of the Secret Rose. There is reality; and, therefore, dreams, in which we visit it, are our only realities. Certainly there exists no poetry at the present day so revolutionary. For the very centre of it is calm defiance of the ways of men-not of one section or party of men, but of the whole trend of humanity, its ambitions, its aspirations. Nearly all the poetry of the world deals with material things, when you come to think of it. The heroisms, the strivings of men that are its theme, are mostly events within the visible world. The poetry of spirit is apt to be very thin and very insincere, because even poets believe that the

proper study of mankind is man, civilised man.

Here is a poet who thinks otherwise. The foolish seekers of the rainbow; the mad wanderers who have left house and home and garnered goods to follow a dream; they who have stepped outside the boundaries of our visible world, lost their kith and kin, and gained some strange knowledge that made human intercourse barren to them ever after—seekers of the "far-off, most secret, and inviolate Rose"—these are to him the wise and practical persons, not called so by a poetic affectation, but in sober earnest. Most people will shiver at this invitation in good faith to "empty their heart of its mortal dream." But you have no chance of understanding it enough even to dislike it thoroughly, until

you own the perfect sincerity of its lonely faërie call-

And if any gaze on our rushing band,
We come between him and the deed of his hand,
We come between him and the hope of his heart.
The host is rushing 'twixt night and day,
And where is there hope or deed as fair?
Caolte tossing his burning hair,
And Niamh calling "Away, come away!"

Yet many a poet has girded more bitterly against the world. Indeed, there is no bitterness in him against a place that Beauty haunts with wistfulness

He made the world to be a grassy road Before her wandering feet.

Nor would he even be counted a non-human poet that no hearthstone has warmed. He would fain be deemed of the



PORTRAIT OF MR. YEATS. Taken by Lafayette.

band of Davis, Mangan, and Ferguson, and, though his Irish rhymes are of dimmer, remoter things than theirs, is he not justified in singing of "a Druid land a Druid tune"? An Irish poet he is, then; but Ireland stands to him for what the great world does not love-old, grey, fairy legends, lost heroic causes, foiled dreams of ineffable beauty.

A BALLADE OF CAB-HORSES.

The First Horse-

The days with me go none too fast, I bless the end of every day. My life in hurryings is passed, And whips about my shoulders play— I, too, to draw a cab for pay, Who used to carry men to hounds, Who for remembrance' sake could neigh To hear the horn's beloved sounds.

The Second Horse-

Your lines, I will admit, are cast In quite a poor and sordid way; My lot is worse, for I was classed A racer, being a clean-built bay. And backed to win the race in May. But now I toil on weary rounds, While pulsing mem'ries with me stay Of Epsom sights and Epsom sounds.

The Third Horse-

To you who pride yourselves on "caste"
I have a little word to say: When all is said and done, at last Your life is brightened by the ray
Of former happiness; but pray
How can my wretchedness find bounds?
Foaled in what strikes you with dismay, My ears have known no gladder sounds.

Envoi.

Forget not you who drive for pay The cab-horse on his daily rounds; Within his heart may fallen lay High hopes where sorrow now abounds.

GUY C. POLLOCK.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



COUSIN HEBE (MISS EMMIE OWEN) AND THE MIDSHIPMITE.



THE CAPTAIN, SIR JOSEPH PORTER (MR. PASSMORE), AND RACKSTRAW.

Str Joseph insists on the Captain's saying "If you please" to the A.B.



JOSEPHINE (MISS VINCENT) AND LITTLE BUTTERCUP.



THE CAPTAIN, COUSIN HEBE, AND RACKSTRAW.

The tables are turned when the Captain becomes the A.B. and the A.B. the Captain.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Frank Matthew is the most experimental of story-writers. As yet he has done nothing uninteresting, but we hardly know what to expect from him. On the strength of "The Rising of the Moon" and "The Wood of the Brambles," he was hailed as the coming Irish novelist, but it does not seem as if his imagination were limited by Irish subjects or that his literary temperament is particularly Irish. His new book, "Defender of the Faith" (Lane), is more a series of pictures of Henry VIII. and the people of his Court than a novel with the King as hero. He may not present a very new idea of Henry, but, at least, he does more than outline him: he puts in the lights and shadows—indeed, the subtle lights and shadows are his main purpose. The stealthiness, the soft-handed, soft-voiced, diabolical cruelty of the man, which historians have noted, have never been so dramatically presented before. The scene where Cromwell charges Anne Boleyn of attempts to poison Henry and Catherine, and drags Augustine the Venetian in as witness against her and himself the tool, is wholly admirable. Henry looks on almost as at a stage-play, cold to their emotions, but watching words and gestures, and ready to hiss them away to the executioner when they weary him. Anne exercises all her arts of fascination, and, according to Mr. Matthew, they were many. A woman of many moods, loving brightness, grace, fickle, but with a heart and a deep fund of melancholy, she has skill in calling up old scenes of tenderness, and still more in hitting back at her enemy. This is how she introduces her counteraccusation against the ungainly, crafty Minister, that he plotted against Catherine, against the King, and made love to herself—

"One day last autumn I was walking in the garden at Hampton, miserable because you had been cold. It was a hazy afternoon, I remember, and a distant wind mourned, and the dead leaves wavered down like birds sinking irresolute when pastime is over. Thank God, it is summer now !—a lamenting wind would have maddened me. As I was moping, that knave," she went on, pointing to Cromwell, "came up to me, shambling like a ploughman whose feet are habituated to a burden of mud."

The story, save that part which treats of Northumberland's quite fictitious adventures after the Pilgrimage of Grace, is told rather by suggestion, by glimpses of character, by dramatic scraps of conversation, than by direct narrative. And, though it is mainly the tired-out Henry that actually appears, there are reminiscences that make it more or less a picture of the man's career. "You, Norris, and I," the King bursts out to Northumberland, "The Three Harrys'—two of them boys, and the third stubbornly forgetful of Time—what revels we had!... I shall never sing again in the streets, hugging your necks. No more a glutton—Pleasure is not good for my health." Yet the last page closes on the King in amorous mood.

There is a fine collection of nightmares in Mr. Bernard Capes's batch of tales, "At a Winter's Fire?" (Pearson). The horrors may be described as a cross between those of Poe and those of Mr. H. G. Wells, but less effective than either, for his mind works more laboriously in invention, though quick enough in the subtleties of detail. One of them, however, "An Eddy on the Floor," may be recommended as quite a prize horror. That it is an awful warning as to where the wounded vanity of an author may land a noble mind, does not in the least detract from its general interest, from its power of causing a general shock and shudder. The stories are by no means all of the same calibre. Especially they are not of the same temper. In some of them you feel the clever writer is laughing at himself and his readers in his invention of nightmares and grotesques; and as cleverness of manner is rather wasted on and somewhat distrusted by the sensation-loving public, I fear Mr. Capes cannot hope to be among the successful caterers for it. He is a writer whose mind and style seem destined for intellectual fiction, of the school of Mr. Meredith; but fate or caprice has till now made him use his gifts for stories of adventure.

Crispi, in his retirement, after a stormy career with unpleasant squalls at the end of it, does not want for friends. He has one staunch admirer in Mr. W. J. Stillman, the late Correspondent of the Times in Rome, and the author of a History of the Unity of Italy lately published. Mr. Stillman's "Francesco Crispi" (Richards) is a sturdy defence of the Italian statesman from his early revolutionary days to his late defeat. In his determination to clear Crispi from all serious accusations he is unjust all round—unjust to Cavour, probably to the King, to Italy. He has been sacrificed again and again, says this eulogist—at the Court of Victor Emmanuel because he was too independent, at the Court of Humbert because he visited and was friendly with Bismarck, a serious offence in the eyes of the Kaiser, who is the intimate ally of the King of Italy. The Mazzinians have hated him because he was a practical man, and the rest because he was too Republican. With a keen sense of his responsibility as Premier, he has taken other men's faults on his shoulders. Read Mr. Stillman, and you will find the bank scandals and the Abyssinian misfortunes all cleared away so far as Crispi is concerned. The book, though very whole-hearted, has a double purpose. It is not only a eulogy of Crispi, it is an attack on his country. Italy is a bitter word in the mouth of Mr. Stillman nowadays. In his youth he was its ardent friend. He dreamt of its great future, and that future has not come. He has no hope for it. It is ruled by mediocrity, he declares. For the large ideas of Crispi it had no capacity. It let France interfere; it did not work out its own salvation. It formed itself into an artificial unity, took for guides Northern men and rules quite at variance with the customs and spirit of the South. So thought Crispi, a Southerner, though he worked for United Italy more hopefully than Mr. Stillman speaks.

HORS D'ŒUVRES

The Transvaal question has come to its last stage but one. Such a speech as Mr. Chamberlain has delivered means either reform or war. It is like the remarks of Napoleon III. to the Austrian Ambassador before the war of 1859, like the articles that Napoleon I. used to insert in the Moniteur before a conflict. If ample concessions are not made after such a statement, they must be enforced, or the Minister that made it and the party that supported it will be driven from power with ignominy. There is no going back with honour.

Nor is there any need to go back. The past few years have shown us that the Boer will yield to superior force evidently shown; courtesy and consideration he interprets as weakness. Time after time matters have come to the very edge of war, and always, when confronted with danger, Kruger has chosen the prudent course. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, with the fatal vacillation of so many men with double names, declares that it would be wicked to wage war that British subjects should have votes. So it would, if votes were all. But the non-possession of a vote marks the Uitlander, and the British-born colonist generally, as inferior to the Dutchman, whether Hollander or Afrikander, and denies the claim of Great Britain to be the predominant Power in South Africa. The country has repeatedly asked for equal rights and proper protection for its subjects living in the Transvaal. Requests, advice, complaints, have been rudely refused or contemptuously ignored. If we now give up the game, we may as well evacuate the Cape, for the power will pass to the Boer oligarchy of Pretoria, and out of its incompetent hands into those of some foreign Power.

The only alternative to abdication is enforcement of our demands by whatever means may prove to be necessary. War is unnecessary; preparation for war is necessary—indeed, indispensable. A force of thirty thousand, well equipped, and strongly posted near the Transvaal borders, will not need to strike; it need only be shown. Sir Charles Warren's expedition did not need to fight, nor was there any conflict over the closing of the Vaal drifts. The mere readiness to strike was enough. Nor need anything much be feared of the Boers forestalling attack by a raid on Kimberley. A burgher militia, called away from its farms, is not the sort of force for an invading army, nor for the siege of a position. And the new German quick-firing guns will profit the Boer little more than Saul's armour did David.

These are the plain facts: that the Uitlander's vote is not merely a right to be claimed, but the badge of supremacy in Africa; that to be put off again with evasions means to surrender the loyalty of South Africa; that the Boer oligarchy will yield only to a show of force, but has always yielded to superior force in the past without need of fighting. The contention that we have no right to intervene, because the Transvaal is independent in its internal government, is beside the question. Even if the South African Republic were completely independent—which it is not—we should still have the right to exact proper protection and equal treatment for British subjects. If any European nation behaved to Englishmen staying in its country as the Transvaal has behaved to them, there would be a casus belli—or several casi belli, as the word was once inflected in Truth. If our countrymen in Paris were treated as some of the rabid patriots would like to treat them, we should have a parallel case; and there would then be trouble.

It seems a pity, therefore, that certain scribes of the British newspapers should still exhort Kruger to stiffen his neck and disbelieve in the reality of his danger. Speeches are garbled or distorted; items of news twisted to be favourable to the Boers. There is, of course, plenty of exaggeration on the other side, but it is not so hurtful. For it is well that Kruger should yield on the points at issue, and not hold out defiantly. Now, exaggerations of the force ready to act against him may compel him to yield; the contrary process will embolden him to take up an attitude of uncompromising resistance. What, for instance, could be more mischievously misleading than to interpret an answer in the House of Commons as was done by one journal? A member asked if forty thousand troops were to go to South Africa from England and India. The due authority answered, "No"—and at once a placard announced, "No troops to be sent." Whereas troops are being sent, only not forty thousand at one time.

One really wonders whether the peacemongers of a section of the Radical Party realise what they are doing. It is very well to avoid undue arrogance and a quarrelsome temper, but this is not the same as showing an eager craving for humiliation, a passionate zeal to be insulted. For instance, the Jameson Raid was a foolish and discreditable business, but it was no worse than the Boer raids that Warren stopped; and Kruger and his friends made a very good business out of the whole affair, besides gaining an undeserved respite for their peculiar methods of government. That the Raid makes it necessary for Englishmen to submit without limit to any injustice and inequality at the hands of the Boers is the doctrine of idiots. We have punished some of the actors in the Raid; some have paid, others will pay when the bill is honestly made out. We have done enough. No Boer ever offered to pay Sir Charles Warren's expenses. The golden rule is a little wasted on Russians and Boers and such. Suppose we do to them as they have done to us—in moderation—just once.





A BEAUTY FROM BOULOGNE.

knightly pageantry,"

it is now simply a charming centre—a better centre than Oxford, for cycling,

by all agreed, and for everyone who lists

natural pleasures and

tion, too, at Abingdon

is of a superior order,

for where is there a house that will treat

you better than "The Lion," at which the catering is proverbially excellent?

But, alas, there is

no sign-board, so we

must go around and view the strange welcome which hange

The accommoda-

rational enjoyment.

FAMOUS. RIVERSIDE HAUNTS.



"THE BEEHIVE," ABINGDON.

back, perhaps, a couple of hundred years—along the banks of old here refer more especially to the upper reaches of the river, where modernisation is but slowly intruding.

As signs of the times that are no more,

back some little period. At the Wargrave "George and Dragon" (and to what "wet-bob" is this delightful inn a stranger?) the famous sign-

board has been dismantled (perhaps the most celebrated sign on the Thames), and is to have a place of shelter and honour inside the house, while a substitute house, (an exact copy of the original) will waft its message from without. Two of the best-known Associates of the Royal Academybrethren of the brush; to wit, Mr. G. D. Leslie and the late Mr. J. E. Hodgsonwere responsible for the unique design represented. Mr. Leslie has also a sample of this branch of art at Wallingford under the nom de pinceau of "Row Barge." He has told us (in "Our River") how the sign came to be painted-

It was during our stay at Wargrave that my friend Mr. Hodgson and I re-painted Mrs. Wyatt's sign-board for her—"The George and Dragon." I painted my side first, with a regular orthodox St. George, on a white horse, spearing the dragon. Hodgson was so taken with the idea of painting a sign-board that he asked me to be allowed to do the other side, to which, of course, I consented, and, though he could only stop at Wargrave one day, he managed to complete it—indeed, it occupied him little more than a couple of hours. The idea of his composition was suggested by Signor Pellegrini, the well-known artist of Vanity Fair. The picture represented St. George, having vanquished the dragon and dismounted from his horse, quenching his thirst in a large beaker of ale. These pictures were duly hung up and admired; they have since had a coat of boat-varnish, and look already very Old-Masterly.

It is indeed an unspoiled spot—piquant of Father Thames' best. The river season is said to have had its day, more on account of the cyclist than anything; but surely this applies to the classes that "seorch" fast enough to catch fire! Yet—

Fishes that tipple in the deep Know no such liberty.

There is a riddle-not original, mark you, but, nevertheless, not general property, as follows-

Why is the Thames at Goring like a drover's dog? Because it runs between Oxon and Berks. (With ample apologies.)

And this brings us, of necessity, to one of the most superb housings on the river; that is, if one seeks-

Rivers so calm, of which the waters scarcely seem to stray, And yet they glide, like happiness, away.

"The Bull," of Streatley, is an enchanted spot, and one which should boast a sign-board of antiquity. But all is theirs save this emblem of

There is nothing more representative of old English hospitality than that to be found at the several charm-ing retreats—dating Father Thames, and I

for the several hostela few of them dating

it is of interest to take especial notice of the few quaint picture-boards which do duty ries in question, not

There is nothing of particular interest after we quit the "Miller" until Abingdon is approached—that is to say, in the subject of sign-boards. Cosy little riverside inns are plentiful enough, where Meditation may think down hours to moments. Somebody said that Abingdon was one of those towns on which the name of Ichabod might be inscribed, and 'tis true that with the dissolution of the Abbey its glory departed. Once the place of government of the reigning power and "honoured town of

delineation of good cheer.

publicity. Passing on, we approach "Ye Miller of Mansfield," a pass-

word for all that's emblematic of tranquility and comfort.

"Modern civilisation" (as "Morocco Bound" puts it in smart and fascinating tune) is here, 'tis true, in its very essence, but, boasting as the establishment does of a pedigree of a couple of centuries, one finds

that rare combination of up-to-date luxury blended with a vintage of

long ago.

The sign-board I have especially pictured, as being one of the most

fascinating on the river, and expressive of the abundant hospitality to be found at Mr. and Mrs. Mitchelmore's enchanting hostelry. One side of this sign (painted, by the way, by Mr. Perey Stone) depicts a tankard, hops, and an invitation: "A cool tankard, A warm welcome."

Here, quoth the Miller, Good fellowe, I drink to thee.

For some thirteen years has this unique design welcomed many a

hungred, thirsting wayfarer, but, of course, the retoucher's hand has come to the rescue several times in order to preserve this exceptional

mine host entertaining Henry II., with the following couplet-

The other side, emblazoned in gold-leaf for a background, pictures



"YE MILLER OF MANSFIELD," GORING-ON-THAMES. From Photographs by R. H. Cocks.

"The Beehive." A picture of an orthodox hive accompanies the following spontaneous invitation-

Within this Hive we'er all Within this Hive males alive,
Good Liquor makes us funny.
If you are dry, step in and try
The flavour of our Honey.

This sign is at least a hundred years old, while its first landlord rejoiced in the patronymic of Honey, which originally figured in large capitals in the last line of verse.

The missionary engine of the mug, then, has had, and now can boast, many a staunch admirer in both poet, philosopher, and artist, devotees who have witnessed times and places elsewhere-

When flowing cups pass swiftly round
With no allaying Thames.

REGINALD H. COCKS.



"THE GEORGE AND DRAGON," WARGRAVE,

HOW THE GREAT VOLUNTEER REVIEW HAS BECOME POSSIBLE.

"Oh, listen to the band!" will be doubly topical on Saturday, when London will gather to see well on to thirty thousand of her Volunteers march past before the Prince of Wales. During the last hundred years there have been six great reviews—

There is a big gulf between 1799 and 1899, but it is not in time alone. Things, it is true, move slowly at the War Office; but they do move in a hundred years, and, while it was only the life-and-death struggle with Napoleon that made the pundits of Pall Mall recognise the Volunteers of a century ago, the Secretary of State to-day is glad to count the civilian forces among the regular defences of the country.

In 1814, when the danger from Bonaparte was thought to be over, the then Volunteer forces were disbanded. Only one corps, the Duke of Cumberland's Sharpshooters, survived, and they were compelled by the were present and resolved to found an association under the title "Exeter and South Devon Volunteer Rifle Association." The first muster in uniform took place in the Castle Yard, Exeter, on Oct. 6, 1852, when the oath of allegiance was taken by fifty-three men, including one bearing the historic name of Alfred Guppy, solicitor, Honiton. On the Queen's Birthday, 1895, the Duke of Cambridge unveiled a handsome national memorial at Northernhay, Exeter, twenty-five feet high, which contains a portrait, a medallion bust in hard Cecilian marble, of Sir John, who was knighted in 1894.

Lancashire was also well to the front in the movement for national defence, and it was a Liverpool man, Mr. Nathaniel Bousfield, who was the first to receive a commission under the War Office Order of 1859, which authorised the general raising of Volunteer corps. This officer held the first Volunteer camp, and one of the biggest provincial reviews on record took place at Knowsley, where eleven thousand Volunteers from all parts of the County Palatine marched past before Lord Derby, and, it is chronicled, consumed five to six tons of pies and twenty-five hogsheads of ale. That the possibilities of the movement were not appreciated at the time is shown by the sort of advice that was current.



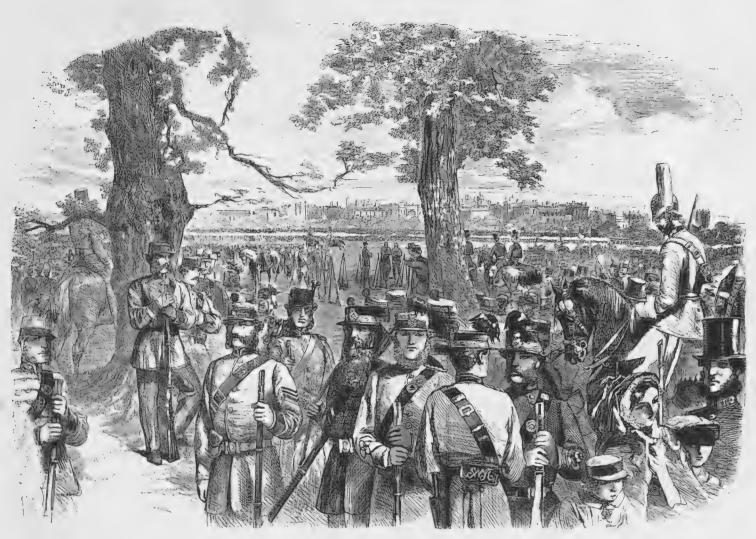
A hundred years ago over 100,000 Tolunteers throughout the country enrolled themselves to repel the dreaded Gallic invader, and on a June day in 1799 George III. reviewed the London contingents, 8193 strong, in Hyde Park.

authorities to sacrifice all official status and recognition. For years they struggled pluckily on, and in 1835 luck came to them in the shape of permission from the Duchess of Kent to assume the title of the "Royal Victoria Rifle Club," in honour of the Queen to be—an augury of a brighter future in store. They were only a club, however—treated by the War Office for all the world like a pigeon-shooting society. It was not till thirteen years later that the Government, in the terror of the revolutionary wave of 1848, granted the Victoria Rifles power to drill as a protective force for law and order. Soon after this the outery against the defenceless state of the country, of which some account is given in this month's issue of the English Illustrated Magazine, forced further concessions from the authorities, and on Aug. 3, 1853, the club was changed into a regiment of four companies of seventy-five men each. They had, however, to resign the title of "Royal," and as the "Victoria," or 1st Middlesex Rifles, they still exist.

It was, however, Sir John C Bucknill, the father of Mr. Justice Bucknill, who really started the Volunteer movement in this country. On Jan. 27, 1852, he invited Mr. George Pycroft and Mr. George H. Haydon to dinner at his house at Exminster, where he was Chief of the Devon County Asylum, and he discussed the state of the country and its scant means of defence. He produced from his desk a draft of a memorial which he sent off to Earl Fortescue, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, in the course of which he propounded a scheme for a corps of Volunteer Riflemen. The Lord-Lieutenant's reply was favourable, and on Feb. 7 a meeting was held, at which eighty gentlemen

A Surrey M.P., for instance, suggested that the best uniform for a rural rifle corps would be the round frock worn by labourers, and a wideawake hat.

The great Volunteer Reviews of the past century are recorded in outline in the table. The Reviews of 1860 and 1881 were linked together in many a way. They all took place before her Majesty; and the Prince of Wales, who, as Field-Marshal, inspects the troops on Saturday, was present with the Queen both at Hyde Park and at Windsor. The Duke of Cambridge, as Commander-in-Chief, attended the Sovereign at the gatherings of 1881 as he had at those of 1860. That 1860 event, which marked the inauguration of the new Volunteer movement, was, in its turn, linked in an interesting manner to the review of 1803, which registered the high-water mark of the old Volunteering enthusiasm. It is a far cry from the one year to the other, but among the privates who, in the ranks, saluted her Majesty in Hyde Park on June 23, 1860, was one who, as a young man, paraded before George III. on Oct. 26, 1803. Lord Combernere also, who accompanied the Queen as Gold-Stick-in-Waiting in 1860, was amongst those who took part in the great review of the Napoleonic era. Of all the great Volunteer parades, none did so much for the real welfare of the movement as that at Edinburgh in 1881, when forty thousand men manœuvred for a whole afternoon in a deluge. True, every officer and man was soaked to the skin, and in this condition had to face long railway journeys home; but the discipline they showed under these trying circumstances confuted once for all the military scoffers who had been apt to decry the stamina of our citizen soldiers.



On June 23, 1860, in Hyde Park, 18,450 men, in the full enthusiasm of the modern Volunteer movement, then only a year old, paraded before

Her Majesty and the Prince Consort.



"A tria! of endurance and discipline rarely called for," was the Duke of Cambridge's description of the Edinburgh Review of 1881. For hours 40,600 Volunteers from all parts of Scotland marched and countermarched in a deluge. They made mud, but they also "made" Volunteering.

These Drawings are reproduced from the "Illustrated London News."

BYRON IN A STAND-UP COLLAR.

Writing upon the Byrons as Don Juans in these columns the other day, I published some unknown portraits of the poet's father and grandfather, with the remark that even now the last word has not been said. Within twenty-four hours I had brought to my notice a portrait of Byron himself,



BYRON AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.
From a Portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn, recently sold in New York.

which is at once unknown, and at the same time possesses a more life-like touch than any picture of the poet I have seen. Mr. Leslie Stephen, summarising the discoveries of Byron experts in his excellent article on Byron in the "Dictionary of National Biography," enumerates seventeen portraits of the poet, most of which have been reproduced in these pages from time to time. The younger Kay began the series by picturing Byron at the age of seven shooting with a bow and arrow at a target. This miniature is in the possession of Mrs. Ewing, of Taunton, whose husband, the late Colonel Ewing, wrote the best-known air to the hymn" Jerusalem the Golden." Sanders pictured him as a lad of nineteen, standing very much in the attitude of the boy who stood on the burning deck. Westall, in a half-length portrait which belongs to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, presented him as a pensive youth of twenty-five supporting a faun-like chin on his hand. Phillips showed us the poet in Albanian dress, Mrs. Leigh Hunt silhouetted him at Pisa about 1822, and Count d'Orsay made several sketches of him. Then there are the sculptured portraits—Stodhart's medallion, Bartolini's bust, Thorwaldsen's striking statue, which is now at Cambridge (Westminster Abbey having refused it); M. David d'Anger's picturesque statue group at Missolonghi, and Belt's poor lump of bronze in Hamilton Gardens, Hyde Park.

The portrait which was brought to me the other day is by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and is unique in showing Byron in a stand-up collar. Every other portrait of him pictures Byron in the sentimental turn-down collar which is a cross between a night-shirt and flannels—as if Byron perpetuated his boyish cricket-craze throughout life. Yet this collar has become traditional. That Byron should have been commonplace enough to wear one of the rigid stand-up collars which the dandies of his day favoured is almost unthinkable. Yet it must not be forgotten that Byron

favoured is almost unthinkable. Yet it must not be forgotten that Byron started out as a great buck.

I do not know when Lawrence actually made this portrait, but it must have been about the time when Byron was a dandy and was making the town ring with his name—that is to say, between 1808, when he left Cambridge, and 1816, when he went abroad. There is no mention in Moore's Life of any portrait of Byron having been painted by Lawrence. As a matter of fact, there is but one reference to Lawrence. In the beginning of 1821, Byron writes that he met Lawrence and heard one of Lord Grey's daughters (I quote from him), "a fine, tall, spirit-looking girl (with the patrician thoroughbred look of her father which I dote upon), play on the harp so modestly and ingenuously that she looked music. I would rather," he

goes on to say, "have had my talk with Lawrence, who talked delightfully, and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together." A few months later "Cain" appeared, and was denounced. Lawrence, to his credit, was able to detach himself from contemporary opinion and value the work on its own merits. Writing about "Cain," he says—

I never feel from any cause of human suffering such sincerity of emotion as in his presence. I never before addressed him with such passionate truth of humble love and reverence as I did after reading the work, and ruminating on the frame of mind and Pharaoh-like hardness of heart that had dared to pen it. I cannot help imagining that there is a strange, mysterious union in Lord Byron's mind of genius, passion, and insanity, and that in the highest elevation the first is always excitement to the latter, making the human machine as completely their slave as the supposed victims of heathen inspiration.

It will thus be seen that Lawrence had very definite ideas of Byron's personality, and though there is no actual record of Byron having given him a sitting, the following passage in Williams' life of Lawrence seems to indicate that the artist must have sketched the poet—

His portraits of Lord Byron were far from successful. They differed so very much from each other that they may justly be deemed to be dissimilar from their common prototype. One might almost imagine that, when sitting for his portrait, Lord Byron had repeated the trick that Garrick played off on Gainsborough.

It may be remembered that Lawrence died, practically a bankrupt, in 1830. He left an enormous number of unfinished sketches and pictures, which took Christie ten days to sell, while Sotheby gave four days to the dispersal of his library. For a man of his eminence, miserable prices were obtained for most of the pictures. The unfinished canvases were huddled together and knocked down in lots at wretched prices, and among them was this picture of Byron. The most remarkable feature of the portrait which Lawrence painted is that the colours of the poet's eyes are different. Note, too, the wide mouth; its touch of sensuality is far more indicative of the Byron we know than any other existing portraits of the poet.

existing portraits of the poet.

Another portrait of Byron not noticed by Mr. Leslie Stephen was sold recently in New York, when the valuable collection of Byron relies made by Senhor Salvador de Mendonça, formerly Brazilian Minister to the United States, was dispersed. It was painted by Sir Henry Raeburn when Byron was seventeen years old.

J. M. B.



BYRON AS A DANDY IN A STAND-UP COLLAR.

This Portrait is by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and has never been published before.

The Copyright is strictly reserved by Mr. W. W. Wainewright.



LITTLE MISS MUFFET.



THE TEMPTER.

AARON OF LINCOLN.

Since Mr. Joseph Jacobs wrote his fascinating book, "The Jews of Angevin England," and the Jewish Historical Society was established, Lincoln has been the Mecca of many pilgrims. A few weeks ago, the Jewish Historical Society, of which Mr. Jacobs is President for the year, paid a visit to Lincoln, and examined two curious houses, one belonging to a Jewess, Beleset, of Wallingford, who lived, flourished, and was hanged in the thirteenth century; the other, nearer the Castle on the hill-tops, wherein Aaron of Lincoln, the greatest financier of the twelfth century, collected vast treasure in a cellar now occupied by a tinsmith.

In all times and at all seasons Lincoln repays a visit. Its Cathedral, immortalised on canvas by Turner, its quaint High Street with the waterway underneath, the quiet thoroughfares, unexpected squares, and old houses crowned with ivy, all help to suggest that the nineteenth century unrest has not reached the fen-county. When Mr. Joseph Jacobs, the President, or Mr. Frank Haes, the studious Treasurer of the Society, is with a party of visitors, the interest of the town is not easily exhausted. Small points, unnoticed by the average visitor, are sufficient foundation for a course of reasoning that makes the past time live again, and throws side-lights on the character and modes of life of men who never helped to lighten the labours of the historian.

Aaron's house, or what is left of it, overlooks Steep Hill. It was built of stone, with walls of enormous thickness;



THE UPPER PART OF STEEP HILL.

cupboards some three feet deep are cut in the stone wall. Mr. Haes believes that the ground-floor was used for storage, and the family lived in the upper rooms. The financier must have had very many enemies, partly because he lent money, and the notable people of the time were not experts at paying debts; partly because, when a Jew died, his debtors could compound with the King, who came into the estate, on easy terms. Hence came the need for strong walls, the close proximity to the garrison, and, withal, the position of the house rather above the rest of the Lincoln Jewry scattered along Steep Hill. In the street below are two houses, in one of which Little Hugh of Lincoln was said to have been murdered. Scholarship has routed the fables that posed as facts in this connection, but tradition is a stubborn thing. Research yields no more than a few Jewish names to the student of Lincoln's history, and not a small proportion of the people named came to a bad end, and thereby carned their record. It must not be taken for granted that the end was justified—doubtless the twelfth century holds many an unrecorded and unredeemed Dreyfus case.

Records of a big deal in grain show the catholicity of Aaron's tastes, and among his debtors were the Earls of Chester and Leicester, as well as innumerable ecclesiastics of high degree. Some lines from "The Jackdaw of Rheims" are not inappropriate in the description of his debtors' list—

Bishop and abbot and prior were there, Many a monk and many a friar, Many a knight and many a squire; With a great many more of lesser degree, In sooth, a goodly company.



THE HOUSE OF AARON OF LINCOLN, STEEP HILL.

Temptations to do away with the Jews were many and sufficing. We see that announcements of an execution are usually followed by a statement to the effect that the estate of the criminal was given to some powerful noble or ecclesiastic. Aaron of Lincoln seems to have died in peace, and his personalty slipped through the royal hands by an odd accident. His Majesty decided to take the treasure to Normandy, and rude Boreas wrecked the treasure-ship between Shoreham and Dieppe. "It is by no means impossible," says Mr. Jacobs in his monograph, "that if submarine operations become easy, one of these days traces may be found at the bottom of the English Channel of the treasure of Aaron of Lincoln." This is a dangerous remark, and may before the twentieth century has passed yield fruit in the flotation of an "English Channel Exploration Company, Limited," and find quotation in the prospectus.

There are very few Jews in Lincoln to-day. The house of the Jewess Beleset, or Belasset, is now occupied by a courteous dealer in antique furniture; four or five people live where the powerful Aaron dwelt in peace; the tinsmith who owns the cellar does not love strangers, nor does he sympathise with research. Happily, he is an exception; the other dwellers in houses of an almost forgotten Jewry are kind enough to allow emancipated descendants to visit the scene of many a stirring event in the annals of Anglo-Jewish history. The Jewish Historical Society, from whose published Transactions I have drawn my facts and borrowed the photographs, is doing excellent work in all directions, and is even worthy the support of scholars whose interest in the work being done is not traceable to the claims of descent.



THE JEWESS'S HOUSE, STEEP HILL. From Photographs by Mr. Frank Haes.

THE ORDEAL OF THE HONEYMOON.

BY ESTELLE BURNEY.

Characters: Mr. REGINALD HILL; LADY MARGARET HILL. Scene: The morning-room of a country-house towards the end of July.

LADY MARGARET (discovered with "Morning Post" on her lap on rise of curtain. She leans back in her chair, gives a long-drawn sigh and yawn, and reads as follows). "Later in the afternoon Mr. and Lady Margaret Hill left for Hengrave Hall, Yorkshire, kindly lent by Lord Groombridge, brother-in-law of the bride." (Then, letting the paper slide out of her hands.) Kindly lent! H'm!

(Enter REGINALD HILL, his hands in his pockets, his eyes down. He strolls moodily to the window, and gives a shake of his head

as he looks out)

REGINALD. Raining again, by Jove!

LATY M. (stretching her arms, with a yawn, and rising to her feet). I wonder if it's raining still. Sure to be. (She turns and sees REGINALD.) Ah, Reggie, dear!

REGINALD. Hullo, darling, you there! (He comes and takes her tenderly into his arms.)

LADY M. (looking up in his face). Suppose we ga for a stroll.

REGINALD. I was about to propose it.

LADY M. If it's cleared up. It looked a little threatening at luncheon, didn't it?

REGINALD (innocently). Did it? 'Pon my word, Peggy, I don't notice the weather.

LADY M. (promptly). Nor I; it's been all sunshine for us since last Wednesday. Eh? (She hides her face on his coat.)

REGINALD (softly). Precious! (There is a little pause, during which

he kisses her hair.)

LADY M. (lifting herself out of his arms, and drawing him on to a seat beside her). Then we'll settle down to a long, lovely, cosy afternoon.

REGINALD (involuntarily). Just as we did yesterday.

LADY M. And the day before. (They remain seated; he is gently stroking her left hand that he holds between both of his.)

REGINALD. Queer, how often July is a wet month.

LADY M. Yes, and such a favourite one, too, for weddings. Seems a pity. (She begins a yawn, which she promptly stifles, leaning her head back against his breast.) What an ideal place this is for a honeymoon! So still! One can almost hear the silence.

REGINALD (with conviction). One can, and no mistake!

LADY M. And to think we are only half-an-hour's run from

Rexborough, with its pier and its band.

REGINALD. And its theatre. Not a bad little theatre, by the way; at this time of year they have most of the London companies down.

LADY M. (indifferently). Do they? How horrid! (There is another little silence; then she pulls herself up, and rubs her eyes that have been on

the point of closing.) Shall I read you some Browning, darling?

REGINALD. Will you, sweetheart? I should love it. I begin to understand bits of him here and there. The one yesterday, for instance, about a ride together.

LADY M. (murmurs). "What if we still ride on, we two, with life forever old yet new."

REGINALD. That's it—never got there, after all, poor chap! Rather rough on him.

LADY M. Where 's the volume?

REGINALD. I'll run and fetch it at once, pet. (He doesn't attempt

LADY M. (abruptly). This has been quite a famous place for

honeymoons, hasn't it?

REGINALD. Yes, Groombridge is always lending it about. (Looking round.) Where's that album of his we were to write our names in? We may as well look it through.

LADY M. (at once all animation). By all means. (Involuntarily.) It will be something to do. (She catches herself up, but he has risen to fetch the album.)

REGINALD (as he brings the book to her). This must be it. Ha! ha! ha! "Where are they?" (He points to the gold lettering on the cover.) He's a bit of a wag, Groombridge.

[He sits, and together they look over the album.
"June 1887, Frank and Daisy Buck— REGINALD (reading). Buckland."

LADY M. (with a great start). Oh, Reggie!
REGINALD (ruefully). Bad beginning that! She went an awful howler, poor little woman, didn't she? (Turning the page.) Ah, well, here are the Grey Egertons.

LADY M. (dubiously). The Grey Egertons!
REGINALD (protesting). They are not divorced; at the worst, it's a friendly little separation.

LADY M. Very friendly! They lunch together on Christmas Day at her mother's. Go on.

REGINALD. Ted and Kitty Colman. (In triumph.) Come, now, they

LADY M. Are they? He has kept in with most of his bachelor

REGINALD. Well, as to that, Kitty doesn't wear the willow. Oh, I Acting Rights retained by the Author.]

don't suggest there's anything wrong; but she's a bit fly, and if Ted goes his way, she goes hers, and they are the best of friends.

LADY M. (as she gazes into space). The best of friends. (She quietly takes the album from his hands, and closes it, laying it down beside her.) And to think they all began like us. Here, in this lovely spot, with nothing to distract them from one another. For have you noticed how the very

servants keep out of one's way?

REGINALD. Rather! I've not yet met one of the maids face to face.

Whenever I appear, there's a giggle and a rush and a whirr of petticoats

round corners.

LADY M. And the butler who plants everything about on hot-water dishes, and never-never re-enters the room without giving a little cough. Have you noticed?

REGINALD. Haven't I just! I rather liked it the first time.

LADY M. Yes, for once; but it gets on one's nerves. Still, for a honeymoon, the arrangements of the place are perfect.

REGINALD. Quite.
LADY M. And, like the Prince and Princess of the fairy-tales, lovers may wander hand-in-hand through deserted halls.
REGINALD. Where their wants are supplied as by magic.

LADY M. And nothing expected of them but to make uninterrupted love to each other the twenty-four hours round.

REGINALD. That's all.

LADY M. I wonder if any of them fell out during the honeymoon?

REGINALD. We'll hope not.

LADY M. Then, how often must they all have sat as we sit now, through the long, long summer days!

REGINALD. In perfect harmony. LADY M. Absorbed in one another. REGINALD. Listening to the silence.

LADY M. And yet— (They look at each other, and she gives a little shiver as she rises and paces down left. With a little embarrassment.) Of course, one can understand that, to two people who were not very much in love

REGINALD (eagerly; he too has risen). That's what I was going to

suggest.

LADY M. The very perfection of their solitude might prove-REGINALD. A-a leetle trying (then very earnestly, as he comes to her)

REGINALD and LADY M. Very much in love.

LADY M. Think of Ted and Kitty shut up here for a fortnight.

REGINALD. No wonder they've not spent many fortnights together since.

LADY M. There you are; but it's an awful thing to reflect that, but

for their honeymoon, they might have been happy ever after. REGINALD. By Jove!

LADY M. Well, suppose their mutual affection to have been of the mild sort, warranted only against ordinary wear-and-tear.

REGINALD. I see; it was the pace that killed.

LADY M. And the reaction set in for life. What more exhausting

for a penny whistle than to take itself for a double-bassoon. It's all very well for a grand passion like ours, or Romeo and Juliet's, though they never had a honeymoon.

REGINALD. No. Shakspere got out of that, didn't he?
LADY M. He did. I don't say they wouldn't have stood it; but they died first; and I must say, Reggie, putting ourselves out of the question, I don't think a honeymoon should be taken in the lump. It would be far, far wiser to break it up into little bits, like—well—like wedding-cake. REGINALD. Just so; nice business if a bride and bridegroom were

not allowed to eat anything but that awful stuff for the first month. LADY M. There are things equally indigestible. (Then, anxiously.)

Of course, we have nothing to fear! REGINALD (with a forced laugh). Dearest!

Lady M. Great passions thrive on solitude.

Reginald (enthusiastically). They need it! Why, Peggy, I could almost wish each minute of ours held seventy seconds.

LADY M. (a little hurt, as she draws away from him). Surely, darling, there's nothing so wonderful in your wishing that.

REGINALD (full of contrition). Of course there isn't, darling. Did I

LADY M. (contemptuously). A paltry ten minutes to each hour, four extra hours to the twenty-four; but your tone certainly implied surprise. REGINALD. Oh, my own, aren't you just a little bit exacting?

LADY M. (as she turns on him vehemently). But, unless we are beyond compromise, don't you see the risk we run? Either we love as the immortals loved, who mostly died of it, or—or, we are like everybody else. (They look at each other guiltily, and then turn away. They are almost back to back; then each puts out a hand that the other grips.)

LADY M. (almost in a whisper). We mustn't deceive ourselves, Reggie. You feel that, don't you?

BUCKS WHO ONCE CANTERED IN ROTTEN ROW.



THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.



PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.



MR. JOSEPH HUME.



SIR ROBERT PEEL.



THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.



THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND.



LORD TEMPLETOWN.



COUNT D'ORSAY.

These elever sketches were done in 1838 by Dr. Conan Doyle's grandfather, the famous John Doyle, who was universally known as "H. B.," a signature contrived by the iunction of two J's and two D's, thus—JD. He was the father of Dicky Doyle, also a notable caricaturist.



MRS. FILLIS AND HER BLACK HORSE, OTHELLO.

Othello is a Russian. He was purchased in Paris by Mr. Frink E. Fillis for £1/4, and is now beyond all price, for his owner considers him the finest and most graceful horse that has ever been in the ring. He is nine years old, the admiration of riders in the Park as well as of visitors to Earl's Court, and his splendid action as a trotter is equalled by his speed, for he can trot as fast as other horses can canter. As Mrs. Fillis is the best living exponent of the "haute école"—recalling, to those versed in the history of this form of riding, the charming and lamented Émilie Loisset—so is Othello unmatched at the present time. Mrs. Fillis and Othello realise what a French authority has described as "the artistic union of the two most perfect curvilineal forms in creation" They have been photographed by Mr. Ball, of Regent Street.

REGINALD (in the same hushed voice.) Yes, yes, I do. LADY M. We've an awful warning in those ill-fated ones who were here before us.

REGINALD. That's true.

LADY M. Perhaps, if Frank and Daisy Buckland had begun by admitting a honeymoon was beyond them, they might not have ended in the Divorce Court. (They turn, with an instinctive movement, and fling themselves into each other's arms. She is almost in tears.) Oh, Reggie, if we should live to see the day when we meet once a year to lunch at Mamma's! (Then, pulling herself resolutely away from him.) We have been married nearly a week and have made pretend to enjoy it; but, if I say just what I think of things, will you? REGINALD. I will.

LADY M. Then I do find it dull. Do you?

REGINALD. A little.

LADY M. (eagerly). It's not that I'm disappointed——
REGINALD. Nor I.
LADY M. I feel sure that, once we've shaken down and begun to behave like other people-

REGINALD. Exactly; we shall be all right. That's how I feel.
LADY M. But I couldn't go on like this.
REGINALD (with a sigh of sympathy). Phew—nor I!
LADY M. (laughing). Dear old boy, I knew you were bored. What a comfort to own up! I say, Reggie, how do you like Browning? (She goes off into a peal of laughter.)
REGINALD (reproachfully). You never thought I did, did you?

LADY M. You played up awfully well.

REGINALD. I was always a dab at acting (as he strides about the

room). It's all this preparation that puts one off.

LADY M. And the feeling that so much is expected of you. Imagine a world swept and garnished for two people to make love in. An hour here and there-

REGINALD. Or even two; but to sit down to a solid fortnight of it! LADY M. and REGINALD (together). No! REGINALD. Now, if Darby and Joan ended up by a honeymoon, there'd be some sense in it.

LADY M. When Darby had got used to Joan's little ways.

REGINALD (mischievously). And Joan had no surprises left for Darby; but to fling two people into the sea is a barbarous way of teaching 'em to swim. (They both laugh.)

LADY M. As a matter of fact, you know, we have been watching each

other narrowly.

REGINALD. Have we?

LADY M. (roguishly). You know we have.

[He comes and sits on the arm of her chair.

REGINALD. What do you think of me?

LADY M. (laughing up in his face). Honest Injun? (He nods. Shaking her head as she considers.) H'm! h'm! You're a bit fidgety over your clothes.

REGINALD. I?
LADY M. I heard you from the dressing-room this morning ragging that unlucky Mills.
REGINALD. He's an ass!

LADY M. What do you think of me?
REGINALD. H'm! You're rather down on other women.

LADY M. I?

REGINALD. Well, you didn't like my saying Mrs. Bird was pretty.

LADY M. She's a cat, and forty if she's a day. (*They both laugh*.)

We've not got much to grumble at, considering. Did you ever know before what a lot of getting through a day takes?

REGINALD. It hadn't struck me so forcibly, I confess. Of course,

the weather has been against us

LABY M. Yes, and if we had only had the courage to abuse it openly. REGINALD. But how mention the weather on a well-regulated

honeymoon?

LADY M. So we ignored it, didn't we? (She roars with laughter as she looks up in his face.) I say, Reggie, do you know it's raining? (He looks at her and they both go off into shrieks of laughter.) What right has Society to shunt two people into a siding on pretence of doing them a

REGINALD. H'm! Have you ever heard of the fox who lost his tail and insisted on all the other foxes?—well, you know. The married people who survive their honeymoon take jolly good care that the newcomers shan't escape.

LADY M. How mean! Well, we'll leave this.

REGINALD. Rather, and at once, now we've come to an understanding.

Lady M. Where shall we go? Abroad?

REGINALD. I fear we can't manage that. We should upset so many Your father and mother, for instance, who are expecting people's plans. us for the Twelfth.

LADY M. When we are to be let out. So kind of them !

REGINALD. And my sister and brother, who are to meet us there.

LADY M. It's a positive conspiracy.

REGINALD. Of course, there's Rexborough. It's a bit noisy.
LADY M. Should you mind that very much? (Coaxingly.)
REGINALD. No; it's always one thing or the other with an English watering-place, too quiet or-

LADY M. Oh, my dear, then let's have the other.
REGINALD. All right; we'll be off to-morrow morning.
LADY M. To-morrow morning. (She looks at him.) It's not yet

tea-time. (They laugh. Blowing him a kiss.) I'll run and tell Susan to pack. We shall be there in time for dinner. (Then, suddenly coming back from the door.) We can't do it. (Miserably, in answer to his look of surprise.) And the servants?

REGINALD. By Jingo, I'd forgot 'em!
LADY M. How am I to face Mrs. Watts and tell her we've had enough of honeymooning!

REGINALD (angrily). Oh, upon my word, something will have to be done. We're trapped. LADY M. It's no use; here we are and here we shall have to stop

till we quarrel.

REGINALD (remorsefully). Darling!

LADY M. (bounding to her feet). Don't begin that sort of thing again—I couldn't stand it.

REGINALD (manfully). And you shan't—Margaret—we'll escape. We'll steal out through the garden.

LADY M. (delighted). Oh—!
REGINALD. We'll cut to Rexborough, and then wire—say we went for the afternoon and lost the last train; and so we'll drift off. Anything can be done by drifting.

LADY M. Oh, you genius! (Then) We shall have no clothes.
REGINALD. We'll buy 'em. It will be something to do. (They

roar with laughter.)

LADY M. (all excitement). Get me my mackintosh and garden-hat; they are hanging up outside. (He goes; calling out to him in the passage.) And a 'brolly. Be quick, or they will be bringing in tea. (As he re-enters in a long ulster and deer-stalker, with her things over his arm, and a great carriage-umbrella.) H'sh! Was that a rattle of cups and saucers?

REGINALD (he nods and in a whisper). I'm afraid so.

LADY M. (flinging her things on). Oh, don't let's be caught! I say, Reggie (she speaks in a whisper, bursting with laughter), have you ever noticed how travellers, when they come home and write their book, invariably devote a chapter to "Strange marriage customs among the tribes"?

REGINALD (exploding with suppressed laughter). Ha! ha! I should like to see the tribe that boasts a queerer custom than your good

old English honeymoon.

Lady M. (in a whisper). I shouldn't. (And, huddled up under a great umbrella, they creep out through the window into the garden as the curtain falls.)

A SKULL.

"What see you," asked the evil bird and wise, "As you look out from those great, hollow eyes?

Hath answered been the question—is it true
'The flower that once hath blown forever dies?'

"And doth the Persian nightingale sing true-Do we but flutter a brief hour or two Among the roses and the rue of life, Then vanish like a bird against the blue?"



The raven croaked, and flapped his heavy wings: "We know, O brother, this—and many things; Thou too hast seen beyond the rim of Time, But thou—like me—art dumb to questionings." BEATRICE BARHAM.

TWO DRAMATIC ANNIVERSARIES-PLAYER AND PLAYWRIGHT.

MRS. SIDDONS.

Players of every type, charge your glasses; for this day, a hundred and forty-four years ago, Sarah Siddons of immortal memory entered the world which she was yet to conquer. Londoners can never forget her,

even though the house in Upper Baker Street in which she lived were to go, as a recent railway scheme threatened. The daughter of Roger Kemble, the actor, she was born at the "Shoulder of Mutton" public-house in Brecon on the 5th day of July, 1755. She was brought up at the footlights, for not only were her father—described in her baptismal certificate as "a commedian"—and her mother players, but her three brothers, John Philip, Stephen, and Charles, all became actors. She was brought on the stage as an infant phenomenon, and delighted the house by reciting the fable of "The Boy and the Frogs." At the age of twelve she took part in an entertainment at Worcester (to which admission was obtained by the purchase of tooth-powder), when she played Rosetta in "Love in a Village" to the Meadows of her future husband, William Siddons. On Nov. 23, 1773, she married her sweet William at Coventry. Three years of hard work in the provinces led to the

inevitable engagement in London, for she appeared at Drury Lane as Portia, though she proved a failure. Seven years later she was recalled to "the Lane" by Sheridan, and conquered once and for all. She reigned supreme for thirty years, retiring on Jan. 29, 1812, and spent the next nineteen years of her life in the peace and comfort of domesticity. She died at her house in Upper Baker Street on June 8, 1831.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

And for the playwright who was her contemporary and enthusiastic supporter; for Friday will be the eighty-third anniversary of his death, which occurred on July 7, 1816, at his house, 17, Savile Row. Sheridan, who was Mrs. Siddons' senior by



MRS. SIDDONS' GRAVE IN PADDINGTON CHURCHYARD.

Photo by H. C. Shelley,

who was Mrs. Siddons' senior by four years, was born in Dublin on Oct. 30, 1751. He reached London at an early age, and never went back, though in 1770 his people went to Bath, which was yet to be the slave of Mrs. Siddons. In 1772 Sheridan bolted with the beautiful Miss Linley from Bath, and married her at a village near Calais. Sheridan fought two duels with the girl's elderly suitor, a Major Matthews, being wounded severely in the second encounter, and, a little later, he was re-married properly to the lovely Miss Linley. On Jan. 17, 1775, "The Rivals" was produced at Covent Garden, but proved a failure at first, although a revised version of it, put on a few days later, made a great "hit." In the following year he opened Drury Lane Theatre, where he produced his immortal "School for Scandal" on May 8, 1777. His career from the first was one succession of brilliancies and disasters, all the greater in that his strength lay in

so many directions—in play-writing, play-managing, and politics. A short life and a merry one—that was Sheridan's lot, for he died in his fifty-fifth year, in pain and physical suffering, dunned by his inexorable creditors. But he was honoured by England, for he was buried in Westminster Abbey on a far grander scale than either Pitt or Fox, and Sarah Siddons outlived him by fifteen years.



MRS. SIDDONS LIVED HERE (27, UPPER BAKER STREET), 1817-1831.



SHERIDAN LIVED HERE (14, SAVILE ROW, PICCADILLY).

THEATRE NOTES.

"The Mayflower," I hear, is going to pay another visit to town. It has been a success in the country. Mr. Scott Buist plays Captain Poynings.

lack of belief in himself but expectation of acceptance by the audience. It may be hinted that the costume of the lady is not altogether discreet, and also that the music to which she dances has already been played to death, and now, indeed, makes one think of the tune fatal to the old cow



MR. SCOTT BUIST IN "THE MAYFLOWER." Photo bu Baker, Birminghan



MISS ANNE B. SUTHERLAND. Photo by Ellis and Walery



MR. DE WOLF HOPPER,

Miss Anne B. Sutherland, a well-known American actress, is at

present in London endeavouring to secure a play which she will produce here and in America. Miss Sutherland has been "leading woman" for Charles Frohman, Nat Goodwin, and Joseph Jefferson, and for part of a season was with Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Zaza." She possesses a remarkable contralto voice, is a fine musician, and dresses well.

London may be too busy at present to give to Signorita Guerrero, the new Spanish dancer at the Alhambra, the success due to her beauty and talent, for, although not in the first rank, according to our standard, and perhaps further from it according to native standards, she is an admirable representative of the most charming school of dancers. One has but to compare her work with what we commonly admire—with the skirt-dance, but rarely more than an aimless prancing of half-trained ladies lacking in sense of repose and condescending to high kicks and even somersaults or Catherine-wheels, or with the artificial antics of the pupils of Milan and Vienna, who, forgetful of grace, wear hideously short skirts in order to display amazing tours de force or agility. The newcomer perhaps lacks the fire, the devilment, of Otero, but has real charm and grace, if at times she gives ugly hints of the danse du ventre. She

wears a gorgeous, glittering gown which suggests an undisciplined idea of the splendid, and is assisted by a melancholy male dancer who shows some

SIGNORITA GUERRERO. Photo by Starra

of the saying. By-the-bye, the "Rudinoff" turn at the Alhambra is one of the most agreeable seen for a long time in our halls, and even on the warmest of evenings moves the house to enthusiasm.

We are to have on view another American comedian, Mr. De Wolf Hopper, who is to appear at the Lyric on Monday with his American company in a comic opera by Charles Klein and John Philip Sousa, well known on this side of the Atlantic as a composer of stirring marches, notably, the "Washington Post." Mr. Hopper's first London offering is an opera, which he first presented in Boston on Sept. 13, 1896, and which he appeared in continuously for a period of three years with great success. The company which the comedian brings to London with him comprises seventy-odd people, and in point of principals is the same, with two exceptions, as presented the opera in America on its initial presentation. Mr. Hopper has been an established American "star" for a period of ten years, and has enjoyed an immense patronage in the States and in Canada. It will be a matter of interest to Englishmen to know that Mr. Hopper has opened his Fall season each year for nine years past at the Academy of Music, Montreal, where he and his company are great favourites. It has been stated that the only performer who has exceeded his weekly receipts at the Montreal

Academy was Mr. John Hare when he appeared there a season or two ago.







MISS ADA REEVE AS SHE APPEARED IN "GREAT C.ESAR," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE. From Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

If Englishmen in Canada found Mr. Hopper's voice, manner, and comicalities so much to their liking, it is not too much to suppose that Londoners will be as well pleased and satisfied. Londoners who know little or nothing of the new American comedian who comes here for their pleasure will be interested in learning that Mr. Hopper, thirteen years ago, before entering the field of comic opera, was the leading comedian of Daniel Frohman's

MR. EDWARD TERRY'S DAUGHTER AND

stock company, appearing with the veteran Couldock in "Hazel Kirk," enacting the character of Pitheious Green. Before going on the stage he had his voice cultivated with the purpose of going into Grand Opera. Mr. Hopper is said to be a basso cantante of great range and power, and as a singer of comic songs and as a dancer is spoken of as being inimitable. He is a man of six feet two in stature and of capital figure.

Barnes turned out in great force on Friday to witness the wedding of Mr. Edward Terry's daughter, Nellie, and Mr. Arthur Colls. I wish the happy pair every success in life.

MR. EDWARD TERRY'S DAUGHTER AND

HER HUSBAND.

Thoto by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

Herbert Kinsley. She began her professional career about two years ago as a member of the company specially organised by Mr. George Edwardes for a tour in South Africa with a répertoire of Gaiety Theatre successes. Miss Vaughan's talent as a singer was first recognised at a concert in Johannesburg. Since her return to England she has understudied Miss Ellaline Terriss. She will be in the new Chinese play at Daly's Theatre.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" is still triumphant, and during the short Coquelin season at the Adelphi has secured a great success for the actor and M. Rostand, the author. In fact, the discussion about Bernhardt and Hamlet came suddenly to an end to enable us to rave upon what has been called the greatest play of modern times, and a masterpiece which shows another Shakspere and Hugo. It is a good thing that we should rave now and then, even if the subject fall far short of our enthusiasm, provided it be a sincere, ambitious, able work. There perhaps are signs that the critics began to reconsider their views about the truculent hero with the colossal proboscis who yet fascinates playgoers by his daring humour and prodigious unselfishness. M. Coquelin was set our English Cyrano a hard task, seeing how well he presents the two individuals who compose the very flamboyant character. So "fat" is his part and powerful his individuality that one is apt almost to lose sight of the many other members of the well-trained if not exactly brilliant company which presents the picturesque, moving play. I wonder how the English adapters will render the humours of the Gascon (Markov Lander) and the company which presents the picturesque, moving play. "g" so as to make them clear to an ordinary English audience, for, of course, the Adelphi audiences are highly specialised, and much of the applause, if not all, comes from people who do know what they are clapping about and can follow the highly coloured verse of the author who raises the question whether he is a poet with gift for the stage or playwright with an agreeable sense of poetry.

Actresses who give exhibition matinées have a bad habit of concentrating attention upon themselves by producing pieces that no one wishes to see. Miss Nance O'Neill, an American player, is the latest sinner. "The Jewess," which she produced at the Shaftesbury, is only our old friend "Leah" with a new name and new costume of words. In "Leah" the middle-aged critic has seen Bernhardt and Miss Bateman, and some even Ristori, to say nothing of less important actresses. "Deborah," the original play, is an old-fashioned drama of some poetic charm, which Augustin Daly eliminated. You should read some poetic charm, which Augustin Daly eliminated. You should read Professor Morley on the subject in his interesting work, "The Journal of a London Playgoer." Mr. Louis Ludovici, the present adapter, has not restored the charm. Consequently one has a quaintly stagey melodrama leading up to a curse as terrific as the curse on the jackdaw of Rheims. To thrill the modern playgoer, the tale of the Jewess who loved and was loved by an Austrian peasant, but was separated from him by means of an infamous conspiracy, then cursed him and finally found place and rower and forgiveness should be written. him, and finally found place and power and forgiveness, should be written anew, and not adapted; and even then one might answer the question, "Should aud acquaintance be forgot?" with a strong affirmative. Miss O'Neill is a woman with a striking presence and considerable skill. She has more idea of stage effect than of art, and suggests the possession of very valuable gifts, which need cultivation by newer methods. That she played the part with a real sense of character may not be said, but in some scenes she reached a rather high pitch of power.

The rest of the cast consisted mainly of members of the American companies in London, with the addition of Miss Julie Ring. Mr. Arbuckle, the "Smith" of the Strand, acted with ability as the apostate Jew, and work of some merit was done by Mr. McKee Rankin and Mr. Carleton.

One does not often find much of value at the benefit matinée, but certainly at the entertainment given for Mr. Victor Tussaud at Terry's there was one very agreeable item. Mrs. S. C. Compton, in "A Vacant Place," has written a pretty little comedicta, which shows how a young man comes to an old sweetheart, deeming her married, to ask her young man comes to an old sweetheart, deeming her married, to ask her advice about his choice of a bride, since he must get married on account of a political appointment. Perhaps the old playgoer will easily guess that the old sweetheart has become a widow, and causes the young man to propose to her. It hardly matters, for the duologue, even if a little artificial and a trifle obvious, is prettily written, and has some agreeable touches of wit. Miss Esmé Beringer gave value to the work by a performance of much merit. Mr. C. M. Hallard, in the character of the young man who chooses his adviser strangely, acted in a manly, pleasent fashion, and in his woment of amotion showed a pice season. pleasant fashion, and in his moment of emotion showed a nice sense of the restraint necessary in such a class of play.

Those delightful dancers and singers, the Sisters Hengler, are again in our midst, and the patrons of the Alhambra have the opportunity of seeing two of the prettiest and eleverest little girls now before the public every night at that house of big attractions. It is just a year since the Sisters Hengler were here, and since then they have made their entertainment still more charming and effective. It is interesting to note that, although they were born in America, they made their professional debut in this country at the Alhambra six years ago. The Sisters Hengler are now still very young, Miss May Hengler being nineteen, and Miss Flora only seventeen, and they have sung and danced here every year since. They almost claim to be English (they have every appearance of it), and they are proud of the fact that their mother is English by birth. They have danced before the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family.

That they have become undoubted favourites with the English theatre-going public, the spontaneous applause which greets their efforts every night at the Alhambra abundantly testifies, and there is no question that it is richly deserved, for their lovely dancing is the quintessence of the poetry of motion. Devoid of any suspicion of vulgarity, they perform the most difficult steps of the dancer's art, and the effect is heightened by their sweet dresses and still sweeter faces. In addition to these accomplishments, they are clever banjoists and mimics, and, although they have had tempting offers to join the English burlesque stage, they prefer to remain at the Alhambra, to which they are so attached on account of the kindly welcome they have received.



THE MISSES HENGLER, WHO ARE AT THE ALHAMBRA. Photo by Sarony, New York.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, July 5, 9.17; Thursday, 9.17; Friday, 9.16; Saturday, 9.16; Sunday, 9.15; Monday, 9.14; Tuesday, 9.13.

What bids fair to become an annual gathering of cyclists from the Eastern Scotch counties was held on Sunday, June 26, at Auchenblae, in Kincardineshire. The "meet" was in the village at two o'clock, and then, headed by the Montrose Brass Band, the cyclists proceeded to a field adjoining the Rectory of St. Palladius' (Episcopal) Church, at the mouth of the lovely glen of Drumtochty. Here, in a natural amphitheatre formed by the hills, an open-air service was conducted and a sermon preached by the Rector, the Rev. Alexander B. Orr. More than five hundred bicycles were cared for in the grounds of the Rectory alone, but at least as many more were in the field or by the roadside, and about two thousand persons joined in the service. Last year a similar service was held by the Rector in the church, at which a hundred and seventy cyclists were present; but this year the numbers were expected to be greater, as clubs in Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth, and other distant towns promised contingents; and the expectation was more than realised. The "parade" was organised by the Montrose Thistle Cycling Club. A goodly number of lady riders attended, and two men were there with only one biped's allowance of legs between them. The weather was absolutely perfect—no rain, no dust, nor any

oppressive sunshine; and only one "spill," attended with no worse result than some nasty bruises, was heard of.

Have you tried an all-night jaunt on your wheel? Those cyclists who can only spare a day now and then to have a spin in the country - just now a somewhat hot and thirsty enjoyment—
could not do
better than get away some evening after supper, when the moon is in the full, and ride to some place sixty or seventy miles off, timing the arrival about six in the morning. Cyclists who know the country only by light have little idea of. the

romantic charm there is about the leafy lanes and woodlands in the still, hushed hour of two in the morning.

With a good supper an hour before starting, and with some chocolate or raisins in your pocket—the most sustaining diet should you begin to feel fagged—you can get off with a congenial companion, going gently and making no quick pace. But be sure to select a route that you are not likely to go astray on. Convenient passers-by are not numerous in the wee sma' hours. It is a delightful sensation to sit on the edge of a copse and listen to the sounds of the night. And it is nothing less than exquisite to ride along in the cool, fresh breath of the morning while day breaks and stretches slowly over the land. An all-night ride will linger in the mind like a dream.

The shout of the cyclist is going up against the fearful pace at which many motor-cars travel. Of course, to the person who hates the cycle, the news that wheelmen can be inconvenienced and annoyed will give him a quiver of joy. He will say that, as the cyclist has been a nuisance to other people for many years, it is but fair the motorist should be a nuisance to the cyclist. But distinctions must be drawn. The cyclist has no complaint against the reasonable-paced motor, just as the cycle-hating person can have no complaint, beyond prejudice, against the reasonable-paced cyclist. I am sure I am right in saying that the great body of cyclists dislike and abhor the "scorching" element that is among them. We are not all "scorchers." But I do feel there is a tendency of motor-"scorching" becoming the rule rather than the exception. The physical labour involved will always be a deterrent to the majority of cyclists "scorching." There is no such physical labour in motoring. I appreciate and understand the fascination there is in being swished through the air at a terrific pace by a motor-car. It—is the-same fascination that makes schoolboys

travel with their heads out of the carriage-window when on an express train, and seduces children of older growth to indulge in the gasping ecstasy of the water-chute.

Motor-cars are the bullies of the highway. A cyclist can't argue with a motor-car. The way the Assyrians came down on the fold was a mere dawdle compared with the way the motorist comes down on the wheelman. Now, no cyclist has any right to object to motors. But it is much to be hoped that the owners of motors themselves will regulate their speed. If they don't, what will happen will be exactly as happened to cyclists. "Scorching" will lead to prosecutions by the police. Once on the prosecuting scent, the police will "have up" every motorist who is going faster than a crawl, and then the careful motorist will be victimised because of the recklessness of somebody else.

The Americans scem determined to get a mile ridden on a bicycle within the minute. The other day, a New York rider, Charles W. Murphy, rode a mile behind an engine in the really astonishing time of 1 min. 5 sec. A board track was laid between the rails, and there was a tremendous wind-shield behind the engine to guard so the rider would be saved from the air resistance caused by his own velocity. The pace was terrific. The spectators were simply breathless as Murphy clung tight behind the engine. As I say, he did the mile in 1 min. 5 sec. All went well till the mile was finished, and then, as the

engine began to slow up, Murphy violently rocked and nearly rode into the shield. He managed, however, to turn his wheel off the track, and then he fell heavily, but with out serious damage. Murphy intends to attempt the task again, for he is confident of success.

Tandem-riding is rapidly increasing in popularity. In machines for lady and gentleman I have always advocated - despite some opposition—that the man should ride in front and the lady: behind. It is the sensible way for a tandem to be ridden. And it is now being g-enerally adopted. In the suburbs the other



A CYCLISTS' CHURCH PARADE AT DRUMTOCHTY.

Photo by Barrington MacGregor.

evening I counted eight tandems so ridden to five that were ridden with the lady in front. It has been only a matter of mistaken courtesy for ladies to have the front seat. Behind they ride with greater ease and comfort.

Cycling has its fads, like other things. The very latest is to turn your bicycle into a kind of Æolian Harp. Get a number of violin and 'cello strings and fasten them tight from the upper to the lower bar of the frame. You won't be able to tune them to a given note, but you will be able to produce a soft and melodious hum that rises and falls according to the speed you travel.

While there is repeated talk of noblemen closing their parks to cyclists, it is pleasant to hear that the Marquis of Londonderry has thrown open his park at Wynyard to them.

Chivalry is a hard thing. An Edinburgh cyclist was out riding in the evening, and came upon a lady cyclist whose tyre was nastily punctured. He offered to repair it, and the offer was accepted. But the repairing took a long time, and darkness fell. At last the cyclist rode away, feeling he had done a good action. But he had no lamp; a constable pounced upon him, and he was summonsed and had to pay a fine.

There are now about a thousand bicycles in use by telegraphmessengers and other employes of the General Post Office.

A story is going about that a South African millionaire is having a bicycle made as a present to his wife that will "entirely lick creation" in the way of expense. Every part of the machine is to be inlaid with precious stones, and there is to be a lot of gold about it. The price is to be 4.55,000

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

GOLF.

There are not many places in the United Kingdom where you can play golf at midnight. This is one distinction which the Shetland Islands enjoy, by reason of the northerly position in which they have been placed by Providence. Towards the end of June, in these high latitudes, there is practically no night. If the sun were acting in strict



THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN AT MIDNIGHT BY MR. RAMSAY, OF LERWICK.

obedience to the Greenwich tables—as, no doubt, that luminary is bound to do, even in far-away Shetland—he would set there at 9.28 pm, and rise at 2.44 a.m., thus being absent from the scene for the short space of about five hours. But this by no means represents the actual condition of things, or, at all events, it conveys but inadequately to the imagination the extreme shortness of the Shetland night at this season. As a matter of fact, there is but a slight twilight about an hour before midnight, which is scarcely darker than the daylight of a winter's day. But, shortly after midnight, the sky becomes illumined with the rays of the rising sun, and then may be witnessed a scene of surpassing beauty, rivalling in brilliant colouring the most gorgeous tints of a Mediterranean sky. One might imagine oneself in Venice, rather than in sixty degrees North latitude.

Under such conditions a game of golf at midnight is not only a unique but a rare and pleasurable experience. The novelty of such a game first suggested itself some years ago to a few enthusiastic members of the Shetland Golf Club, and since then no season has been allowed to pass without a game being played at this witching hour. This year the absolutely shortest nights, June 18 and 20, were somewhat overcast, but Thursday, the 22nd, was fine and clear, and two sets of foursomes were played on the club's course at Annsbrae, which is in the immediate vicinity of the town. Just as the hour of midnight chimed, the players were photographed. The picture, which is here reproduced, will be especially interesting to photographers, and they will best understand the condition of the atmosphere at the time when it is stated that the exposure was just two minutes, and that the resulting negative was as clear and sharp as though it had been taken at mid-day instead of at midnight. It is no easy matter to stand motionless before a camera for a full couple of minutes, and it must be admitted that the Shetland golfers under this "fire" have maintained a remarkable steadiness.

RACING NOTES.

The Prince of Wales leads the fashion on the racecourse in the matter of dress, and I wish his Royal Highness would appear at Goodwood in a Khaki suit—if the weather be oppressively warm—for the benefit of the long-suffering public who writhe under the weight of top-hats and black frock-coats. Further, why should we not have a flannel Goodwood? Some visitors, bolder than the rest, leave their ships in their yachtingsuits, and look very comfortable indeed while they watch the racing. I must not descend to philosophy, or I might show that a man who is coolly and comfortably clad is far likelier to find winners than his brother wrapped in unsuitable attire. The frock-coat and top-hat are apt to warp our reasoning power when the thermometer registers ninety degrees in the shade.

A very poor acceptance has been received for the Liverpool Cup. I am sorry, as the managers of the Aintree Meeting are very liberal in the matter of prize-money, and I think they should get more runners at their meetings than they do. Unfortunately, the Liverpool Cup has not been a popular race with the speculating public for some time past, and, seemingly, it is, like the old-fashioned Northumberland Plate, on the down grade. Mr. Lambton generally wins a lot of races at Liverpool, and he has a big chance for the Cup. I think Crestfallen, who wins on

the flat and over hurdles, will be the best of his lot. Mr. Horatio Bottomley has a very useful animal in Ilawfinch, who could be made out a winner on the book, and I think the two animals named will fight out the finish.

The welshers are always with us, and I receive during the course of a year quite a thousand letters from persons who have been welshed at one meeting or another. Invariably, too, the welshers trade on well-known names, and my correspondents often abuse me for not exposing the welshers, not knowing perhaps that, if I attacked the rascals in the names under which they trade, I should be doing a big injustice to some respectable firms, to say nothing of my qualifying for six months at Holloway for criminal libel. The ordinary racegoer is superstitious, and, what is more, he is easily gullible. He must be, or there could not be so many welshers in existence as there are at the present time. It is, however, comforting to know that when a ticket-snatcher or a welsher has to appear before any local Justice, and is found guilty, the sentence is generally a smart one.

I have heard of a very good way to get "copy" for nothing, for a month at any rate, if one is running a weekly sporting paper on the cheap. It is to advertise for a tipping article from a good man, who shall pay his own expenses and provide the article for the first month free. A friend answered an advertisement recently, and received the terms referred to, but it is needless to add he did not give the month's trial. If it is necessary to adopt these methods in the running of little weekly sporting-sheets, they might easily be done without, and any sporting journalist who gave a month's services on trial would hardly be likely to make even a little tipping weekly a success.

Many wealthy owners have their own horse-boxes, but the little men are compelled to use the boxes allotted them by the railway companies. I think a Horse-box Syndicate would pay. It could provide horse-boxes built on the latest and most approved patterns, and let these out to owners at a fixed rental, the boxes to be used only for the horses belonging to the renters. This would get rid of the risk which exists at present of valuable racehorses contracting contagious diseases when being borne about the country. I wonder the idea has not been put into practice before by some of the companies that insure racehorses. It would certainly benefit them in the long run. CAPTAIN COE.

The address of Langfier, the photographers, is 23A, Old Bond Street, not "New," as stated in these pages last week.

For the Henley Regatta the Great Western Railway will run special trains on July 5, 6, and 7 from Paddington to Henley at 6.30, 7.55, 8.35, 8.42, 9.8, 9.17, 9.33, 9.53, 10.5, 10.13, 10.22, 10.32, 10.47, 10.58, 11.10, 11.18, 11.32, 11.50 a.m.; 12.38, 1.43, 2.28, 3.40, 5.15, 6.30, and 8.20 p.m. From Henley to Paddington at 7.12, 7.55, 8.45, 9.38, 16.35, 11.8 a.m.; 12.10, 2.13, 3.12, 3.40, 5.15, 5.45, 6.5, 6.20, 6.40, 6.52, 7.10, 7.27, 7.50, 8.15, 8.25, 8.35, 9.5, 9.15, 10, 10.10, 10.30, 10.40, and 11 p.m. On July 8 and 10 through special trains will leave Henley at 8.45 a.m. for Paddington, and at 10.40, 11.10 a.m., 12.10 and 3.10 p.m. for Maidenhead, Slough, Windsor, and Paddington.



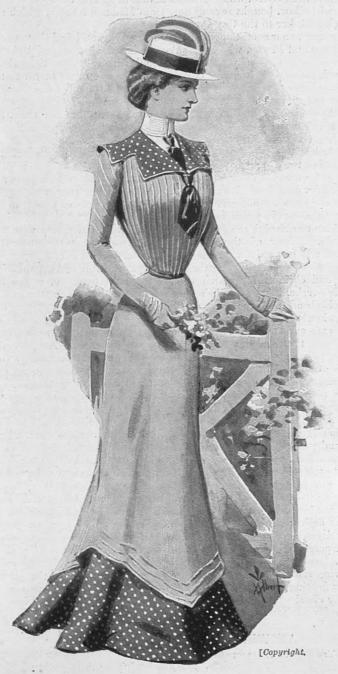
H. N. Looker (captain).

HONG-KONG FOOTBALL TEAM, WINNERS OF THE CHALLENGE SHIELD.

LADIES' PAGES. OUR

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

For once in a way it seems to me that a letter for women may, under certain circumstances, be fitly pressed into the service as an appeal to The begging spirit is not, indeed, often upon me, but in this



SUITABLE FOR HENLEY.

instance the need of an extended sphere of action for the Women's Hospital at 144, Euston Road, so urgently knocks at the door of my inner consciousness that I endeavour in the spirit of the good old Dean courageously to ask alms of others, and still in his strenuous style to echo, "Down with the dust!"

When it is understood that cancer cases are chiefly treated there, together with bad diseases of the eyes, the pathos of the Hospital's purpose needs little eloquence on its behalf.

Subscriptions, small or otherwise, may be sent to the Secretary of the New Hospital for Women, at 144, Euston Road. "If the consequences of some kinds of charity are dubious, no one can question whether it be not worthy to restore, to even partial ease, those who by lingering disease lie dying of want and anguish." So said good Sam Johnson, and I can find nothing to add to his good-hearted logic.

Most women know that it is no less a difficult matter to look one's best in the hot, melting summer weather than it is in the recesses of

winter, when east winds chip the face, rouge the nose, and ruffle the temper, and give a generally shrivelled appearance to the fairest and most fairy-like feminity. To dress suitably is then, as now, the crux, however, of the whole situation.

Delightfully cool and becoming versions of the muslin gowns evolved this Season by the smart mode-makers give one, however, the opportunity of appearing at one's coolest, and therefore at one's best, just now. The slightest appearance of being overheated produces quite a fatal effect, since to be cool is absolutely a sine quá non if one would also contrive to look pretty during the melting dog-day. Therefore, to anyone yet unprovided with these indispensable adjuncts, I would advise an early visit to Peter Robinson's, who now, in sale-time, offers particular inducements to easily acquire such prettinesses of the summer toilette. A crying evil of the hot days is also when one's carefully curled hair is apt to wander in streaks down one's forehead, and the loosely curling tendrils of the poet's imagery become mere spiky arrangements of disappointing fringe. Many girls are even reduced to using hair-curling liquid in very hot weather, and perhaps, after all, it is better to provide oneself with these artificial aids to beauty rather than assume the Medusa-like aspect which some of one's robust acquaintances are reduced to, when, late on a hot afternoon and far away from curling-tongs, their fringes become

mere miniature presentments of a hay-rick or a bundle of macaroni.

The success of the Charing Cross Bazaar last week has resulted in a smaller crop of similar—entertainments, shall we call them?—which really begin to press heavily on one's purse—not to say that it also palls on one's imagination. Far be it from me to throw cold water on the good cause or causes advocated by such functions; but can no one suggest a departure which would be more amusing generally and yet equally effective in filling the depleted coffers for whose help they are arranged? One really does get a little tired of the same professional beauties, the same little devices and coquetries, and the boredom generally which is inseparable from both buyers and sellers at these functions of sale and barter. How would it answer, for instance, to start a Rouge-et-Noir and a Trente-et-Quarante Casino, after the Monte Carlo manner, all the proceeds of the bank going to the charity?

Of course, people will say that this is the nakedest form of gambling: so it is; but how about horse-racing, which is just as much so, and is



FOR THE SEASIDE.

not interdicted in the spirit, though it may be in the letter, by judge and jury equally? I can imagine a three-days' Casino arranged in the Monaco manner bringing in quite a successful crop of dimes and dollars for any charity, while amusing all-comers thoroughly to boot.

Some very pretty dresses were seen at the Botanic Gardens during the Kennel Club Show last week. Muslins, both plain, spotted, and painted, seem to rule the roost, and, after the latest French fashion, many of the smart women wore their dresses quite low, not only dispensing with a collar, as we did last year, but going further still, and showing the dress cut off in a little "V" back and front, and bound by a small muslin fichu. It almost seems as if we were going back to the low-necked days of our grandmothers, when it was the exception, not



A GRACEFUL TOILETTE.

the rule, to see a young woman gowned up to the throat during the day. White embroidered muslins and cambrics made up over coloured silk slips are still first in favour, and there were a good many versions of grass-lawn, which, when embroidered in coloured silks or touched up with bias bands of pretty-coloured tartans, take that improved appearance without which grass-lawn is certainly, from the colour aspect, flat and stale, and therefore, for smart functions, unprofitable.

Very long boas in light materials, such as gauze, tulle, or silk mousseline, have superseded the short feather boa. The material of which they are made is generally spotted, and edged with small bouillonnées of chiffon. These edgings, indeed, now spread themselves over all parts of one's dress, from parasol to petticoat, the newest forms of these latter garments being treated to three or four very full flounces of lace, which are edged with parrow ruches of differently flounces of lace, which are edged with narrow ruches of differently coloured mousseline. The newest white washing-dresses are of ribbed linen piqué, which are, in fact, freshly evolved editions of the old-fashioned piqué resembling the damask of our best table-cloths.

In the matter of smart jackets, the very last fashion is a quite short coat of bright rose or cerise-coloured taffetas, which, by the Paris Mondaine, is considered a later cry than even the little black silk jackets

which we have barely arrived at over here. Madame Kinska has her sale at 168, Piccadilly, this week, and those who are on the war-path of inexpensive yet smart headgear will find themselves well bestowed on both points should they visit her pleasant little salons. One of the new Yeda straws crinkled at the brim, and ornamented with powdered poppies and rosettes of wheat-ears, was the very hat for an autumn garden-party. Another of Kinska's latest creations is a flat-shaped hat in white straw, the brim crossed by soft

white plumes which curl over the hair; each row of the straw is edged with black velvet, and twisted draperies of white tulle round the crown, which has an uncommonly pretty effect. There was also a hat of skyblue tulle, with bunches of roses raised high on one side which will be seen at the next Osterley garden-party. With the black picture-hats which have been so modish this Season, Madame Kinska has been particularly successful, and many of the most charming chapeaux which adorned fair heads at the Charing Cross Bazaar came from her already popular millinery establishment. Perhaps no greater proof of Madame Kinska's taste and chic can be advanced than that, when in England, La Belle Otero, whose discrimination in clothes even her dearest enemies will allow, bought several hats from Madame Kinska, which she took back with her to the Gay City.

Returning to our accustomed haunts of Bond Street, I find that our old friends Pope and Plante, who have silk-stockinged, shirted, and jacketed so many of the golden youth of this and former generations, have transferred themselves from the Georgian shades of Regent Street to the still more classic and aristocratic retirement of Old Bond Street, where at No. 39B of that ilk those esteemed outfitters may be found in greatly improved premises, and with greater facilities of catering for the well-dressed man's well-being than before, by showing their specialities to the golden youth of this "village."

Yellow has gradually been coming into fashion for outdoor occasions, and several of the big men-milliners in Paris now announce that vanillacolour will be the clou of smart autumn-dresses in Paris. This colour is being skilfully combined with pale shades of contrasting tones, which seem to soften the always crude and always voyant appearance of yellow in the Rendered in gauze, or over semi-transparent muslins, silk linings of pale-blue or old-pink are found to contrast very effectively with the new shade. Many of the best dresses already in preparation for

new shade. Many of the best dresses already in preparation for Goodwood will be rendered in one version or another of vanilla.

A propos de bottes, following the prodigal expenditure and squandering of laces and chiffons for which the Season is responsible, comes the inevitable overhauling of all one's wearables, for, with the flight of time, fresh fields and pastures new are presented wherein to spend our autumn when the knell of the Season is rung and the curtain falls on far-off scenes and stages. The practical person, with the care of those useful pence that multiply themselves into pounds, will look for the things that can be saved or reinvenated for other occasions. Lace, which things that can be saved or rejuvenated for other occasions. Lace, which has been so much in the fashion this Season, speedily comes to an end in the matter of cleanliness, like all beautiful and dainty things; but lace, bien entendu, is always worth washing, while many other properties of the Season's campaign may be judged on their own merits as deserving a better fate than the rubbish-basket or the old-clo' woman. In this connection it occurs to me most appropriately to observe that, where mere laundry-work is in question for the revival or total extinction of one's wearables, very special care should be taken, in these days of delicate fabrics, to use soaps which are free from destructive chemicals, and in accomplishing this useful task without deadly destruction to the objects upon which it is employed, and here "Swan Soap" may be noted as being synonymous for purity, and may be thoroughly recommended in the makingup of the delicate, fragile muslins and cambrics of which so many of this season's dresses are composed. Besides being absolutely innocuous for toilet purposes, "Swan Soap" is invaluable in the "making-up" process of silks, laces, and damasks, all of which may be freely immersed in its saving suds without fear, while even when employed in the pantry this new floating soap will be found to give a lustre to china and plate which the classic "household" of our ancient affections promised but did not stormally porform. not eternally perform.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mabel.—Try Jay's. It is more in their way.
Picnic.—Use Suchard Chocolate. It is absolutely pure, and equally palatable.

The Prince of Wales was presented with a beautiful trowel on the occasion of his laying the foundation-stone of the new Post Office Savings Bank. It is composed of

solid silver, the handle being richly decorated with ornamental scrollwork and medallions, having the cypher of his Royal Highness executed in enamel. The handle has a finely modelled coronet at the top, and the portion connecting it with the blade is composed of scrolls in trefoil, each containing a Tudor Rose in bold relief. Upon the blade is placed the full Arms of his Royal Highness in proper The mallet has a solid colours. silver handle to match the trowel, with an ebony head, having the Arms in enamel on the side and an ornamental shield on the reverse bearing the inscription. A bronze casket containing the various documents, coins, &c., was placed within the stone. The whole of the

work was executed with great skill by that celebrated firm, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.



CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 11.

THE MARKETS.

All departments of the Stock Exchange have felt the effect of the political tension between this country and the Transvaal, and, although most people think that actual war will be avoided, no one cares to back his opinions in this direction very freely. While Kaffirs have been under the "scare" cloud, Yankee Rails have taken advantage of the opportunity to push themselves prominently forward, and we should not be surprised if quite a brisk gamble was engineered in the near future. Consols have been very flat upon the statement by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that next year fresh arrangements will be made for the investment of the funds at the disposal of the Post Office Savings Bank. This, of course, means that other securities will be added to the investments available for the huge sum of money with which the Post Office has every year been enabled to support the price of Consols, and, as a result, a lower level of prices may be expected. We have over and over again pointed out that, in the long run, the tendency of the 23 per Cents must be downwards, and we still think that, whatever may happen in the meanwhile, by 1903 there must be a still further shrinkage. Money is cheap, and likely to remain so during this month, at least.

A FOUR PER CENT. TRUST.

Some correspondents beg us to give a speculative Trust in which interest is not so much considered as the chances of improvement in capital value; others are anxious we should set out a few securities which we consider very safe and which will return about 4 per cent. This week we accede to the request of the latter class, and propose that they should divide their available money in the following way—

	Cost (about).		Tircome.
£200 Egyptian Unified	£211	***	£8
£200 Nizam's State Railway 5 per cent. Guaranteed	256		10
£100 Commercial Gas Stock £100 Argentine Great Western Railway First		***	13 10
Debenture Stock	1.07		4
£100 Louisville First Mortgage Trust Gold Bond	440	***	5
	£998		£40 10

There would be a slight increase of income if Egyptian State Domain were substituted for the Unified Stock, but the risk of redemption perhaps counterbalances the gain. We look upon the Nizam's State Railway, with its 5 per cent. guarantee, as almost equal to a like security of the Government of India, for it is quite impossible to believe that the State of Hyderabad would be, under any circumstances, permitted to default. Commercial Gas Consolidated Stock is a magnificent security, on which 13½ per cent. has been paid for years, while behind the Argentine Great Western Railway First Mortgage Debentures there comes a second Debenture sillie of a million and a shalf receiving 4 per cent. interest, and half-a-million of Common stock on which 5 per cent. has been paid. Upon the five investments we have chosen the most timid old lady might sleep in peace.

Several friends have sent us selections which they propose we should use for future Trusts, and we should be obliged if any other correspondent would make any suggestion or suggestions in this direction. The reasons for any particular recommendation would also be acceptable.

THE FOREIGN MARKET.

Business in Foreigners continues to be confined to a few specialities, and for its cue in the moving of Internationals the market here is almost entirely dependent upon the lead of Paris. Spanish Fours display a good deal of strength at the reduced quotation which recent Treasury proposals brought about, and the highly exasperating dalliance of the different Finance Ministers who are afraid to deal with the root of the matter is tending to cast the Bonds into disfavour among their supporters. The latter are, of course, nearly all located in France, comparatively little of the stock being held over here. The French Banks are loaded up to their necks with scrip which, on paper, shows a fine profit; but, when realisations are attempted—as they have been during the last few weeks—the price immediately crumbles away for lack of support. We cannot help thinking that the wisest course for Spain to pursue would be to bravely face the situation and set her financial house in complete order at whatever cost to the national pride. If it be necessary to scale down the interest, then let it be reduced, and bondholders could be insured against loss by a Funding scheme pending the return of prosperity to the country. As matters now stand, Spanish Fours are simply a gambling counter paying a high rate of interest.

Italian Fives have stood the political agitation on the Continent very well, and the Bonds are a fair speculative investment. Uruguay Three and a-Half per Cents are spoken highly of, and for the Settlement last Thursday many thousands of stock were bought for Foreign account; although the Monte Video people are holding aloof from the market. Chinese and Japanese issues cannot shake off their dull tone; investors seem to have had enough of them, and the market has not forgotten that there are still underwriters of the recent loans who are waiting an opportunity for clearing out. Neglect characterises the Turkish Bond department, and not even Group Threes are inquired for nowadays. The Peace Conference has not done much for Foreign stocks, at all events, up

to the present.

SOUTH AMERICAN STOCKS.

While the Consols of European and Asiatic countries are on the decline, South American Government securities are presenting a very determined front to the "bears" who attempted to take liberties with them last week. The Argentine issues in particular kept remarkably steady when the slump in Kaffirs was reacting unpleasantly on all the other markets of the Stock Exchange, nor did Brazilian descriptions display any pronounced flatness at the time when Spanish were falling points at a time, although, in the ordinary way, the two wires are pulled the same way. Argentina is at last entering upon a period of restful prosperity which can only have one effect upon her stocks, and her brave attempt to return to the paths of financial purity has already brought its reward in the increased respect with which the Republic is held among the nations. Brazil, as we have said before, is only just recovering from the blow struck at her credit by the Funding scheme, but here again a recuperation of the country's finances depends upon good government and strict national economy. Chilian loans, perhaps, are worth attention by the investor who can afford to run some risk. The country is settling down after the excitement of an anticipated war with its neighbour, and the nitrate industry is making desperate struggles to revive.

Turning to the Railway section of the South American Market, there is still a good deal of lively speculation going on in Central Argentines, and the Ordinary stock is in demand upon the future prospects of the We regard this as one of the cheapest stocks in the market, relatively speaking, because, of course, the return to an investor is very small, and is not likely to increase to any great extent for another twelvemonth. But the line is one of the most progressive in the country. Buenos Ayres and Pacific is worth watching, and Great Southern Ordinary will probably improve. A'though prices in this department are generally high, there appears to be still room for an advance, and, judging by the traffic receipts published to date, the lines will be able to give a capital account of themselves when the day of reports arrives.

KAFFIRS AND KRUGER.

The golden rule, to buy when things are flat and sell them when they 're dear, has once more been completely vindicated by the course of the Kaffir Market. About the middle of March there came a lull in the boomlet that was rushing up South Africans for no possible cause whatever. Then a week or so later President Kruger promised "Reforms," and the market rallied again. Those who sold their shares when everything in the market was blazing have since been able to repurchase their shares at points cheaper in some cases, and at a substantial profit in all. It will be said that no one could have foreseen a war scare such as arose last month, and that purely exceptional circumstances led to the downfall of the quotations. True enough; but, then, if the war scare had not been in evidence, what would have happened? Would prices have gone on booming until now? We are inclined to doubt it, seeing the very small interest that the public have taken in South Africans for a long time past. The lesson which the recent débâcle emphasises is that good old rule which we quoted as we began this "Note." To take profits is one of the most courageous acts in the world of finance, and there are few people brave enough to do it when the tide appears to be favouring them. They hang on for another quarter, another eighth, and then-the tide turns, and, slowly following the market down, the profit runs off sometimes into a direction that is quite other than profitable. Bona fide shareholders, as distinct from the punting fraternity, lose so many chances of making money simply because they cannot bear to sell in a rising market, although they are easily scared out by a weak one. They altogether ignore the fact that, nine times out of ten, the disturbing element that agitates the market is of a temporary character; much more likely to evaporate than to burst. This is the reason why, when Kaffirs are booming, a broker's office is besieged with anxious buyers, ever increasing with the rise of the market, whereas, in times of slump, wire after wire arrives with selling orders "at best," whether the share be a counter like Modders or an investment like De Beers. Courage to take profits; courage to see a good thing through a bad time: surely, if President Kruger has done nothing else but illustrate the necessity for such a lesson, he has not lived wholly in vain.

Echoes from the House.

The Silly Season is gradually working its way into the markets round the House, and, after the various excitements of the last few months, it is something of a relief to find business assuming its usual summer lassitude. For the outside public is now doing next to nothing in the Mining Markets. A few professionals help to maintain a semblance of activity, but the majority of jobbers say that their brokers are deserting them, and are perforce obliged to turn their thoughts to other things besides South Africans. Strolling through the Kaffir Circus the other day, I asked a dealer what East Rands were; "137 for 7 wickets," he murmuned abstractedly.

Consols are approximating more closely to their real value, and the recent tightening of the Money Market has shown how comparatively inflated is the price of the premier security of the world. Those who are contemplating an exchange of Goschens into County Council 2½ per Cents on the lines suggested in The Sketch a fortnight ago have had a capital opportunity to do so cheaply this week. The price of the existing stock has been temporarily pulled down by a new issue at the minimum price of 90, and, when the "stags" have disposed of their allotments, I have little doubt that both lots of the stock will improve three or four points. The suggestion that no brokers' commission should be paid was very sensibly rejected by the Council. Possibly the member who proposed this idea was unaware of the extent to which public loans and issues are capable of being rendered successful or the reverse by the action of the Stock Exchange. Now, it is all very well to say that no commission shall be

paid to brokers or others when the success of the issue is a foregone conclusion;

puid to brokers or others when the success of the issue is a foregone conclusion; but, to take the case of a Colonial or Municipal Loan about whose reception there to the content of the

THREE BALANCE-SHEETS.

The Report and Balance-sheet of Mellin's Food, Limited, was laid before the shareholders on the 27th ult., and shows a very satisfactory state of affairs. The profits for the year amount to £29,706, after providing for all advertising during the period under review. To pay the Preference-share dividend of 6 per cent. requires £6000 only, so that the earnings leave a very substantial margin, and we should imagine that the holders of the Ordinary capital, who get 14 per cent., can have no cause to complain. Of the £75,000 received from the sale of the Australian portion of the business, £50,000 has been applied in writing down goodwill and £25,000 carried to reserve—a most conservative method of treating a windfall which the directors could very reasonably have brought into profit-and-loss had they so desired. The 6 per cent. Preference Shares at £1 3s. 6d. appear cheap, and are certainly better value than many higher-priced Industrials.

The first report and statement of account issued by the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation since the scheme for the reduction of capital has been carried through, is also a satisfactory document. The profits, after providing for debenture interest and all expenses, amount to £37,642, or over 8 per cent. upon the paid-up capital of the corporation, and although only 4 per cent. is distributed, £10,000 is added to reserve and more than that sum carried forward. The dividend might reasonably have been increased, and we hope next year the Board will see its way to distribute at least 5 per cent. to the

long-suffering shareholders.

The report of the United States Brewing Company, although not so

good as the same document last year, is eminently satisfactory when the circumstances of the year under review are considered. The trade is circumstances of the year under review are considered. The trade is maintained to a surprising degree, and there cannot be very much wrong with a company which sells 447,000 barrels of beer in the twelve months. It is true that last year the output was larger, but the war tax, which has reduced to a pitiable condition so many of its rivals, appears to have injured this company comparatively little. The falling-off in output amounts to just over 6 per cent., and the balance available for distribution, after paying debenture interest, is £67,000, against £88,000 last year. The dividend is, however, maintained, and the sales for the year now in progress show a return to the old figures. Surely, as a speculative investment, the £10 Ordinary shares (yielding about 15 per cent.) are worth picking up at about 6 or 61. ISSUE.

Ashby's Staines Brewery, Limited.—This company, of which the promoters are Messrs. Williamson and Murray, is formed with a share capital of £300,000, divided into an equal number of £10 5 per cent. Preference and Ordinary shares, to take over the business of Charles Ashby and Co., of Staines. In addition to the share capital, £200,000 4 per cent Debenture stock is offered for subscription. The business is an old-established one, the profits are given in detail for the past three years in a very clear certificate signed by Messrs. Chatteris, Nichols, and Co., and the valuation of assets (£317,821) shows that both Debentures and Preference shares are practically represented by solid stuff, and not, as is too often the case, by goodwill alone. The profits appear sufficient to pay 7 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, after providing for Debenture interest and Preference dividend, and we should imagine that each class of security offered for subscription would be well supported.

Saturday, July 1, 1899.

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FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules-

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed newlope to carry the reply:

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers to correspondents.

Anxious One.—Private letters are written only in accordance with Rule 5. You do not say what African Bank shares you hold, nor does your description of the share and dividend exactly correspond with any one that we know of. We do not expect war, and if that is what you are afraid of, you had better hold on.

C. W. B.—The market expects Le Roi shares to go better.

Glevum.—(1) It is a gamble, but if the shares were our own we should hold.

(2) Ditto. (3) The directors say the company is doing well, but, of course, the Deferred shares represent nothing but the chance of trade profits. They would not suit us. (4) A gamble, and not a bad one.

T. O. H.—We have forgotten the name of the publisher of "Wealth and Wildcats," but will give it to you in our next issue.

J. W. S.—Thank you for your suggestions. Other correspondents have recommended stocks, and we hope soon to publish a Trust composed of our friends' selections.

Once Bitten.—You are not the only victim. Your suggestion that we should publish the names of all outside brokers who plead, or threaten to plead, the Gambling Act is a good one, and, if correspondents would furnish us with evidence in any case, we will consider it.

Note.—We have had many letters asking for a prospectus of J. W. Singer and Co., and have sent one to everybody who has written. Will correspondents who have merely written on this point kindly accept this as a general answer to their letters.

Warrants for the $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares and the interest warrants for the 4 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock of the Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, have been posted.

Although most people will grant the stimulating properties of tea, Although most people will grant the stimulating properties of tea, few care to acknowledge that it may also be an intoxicant. An object-lesson is now provided by a case under treatment in Bellevue Hospital, New York; and the victim is a man. Phelan, for that is his name, is now about forty years of age. When quite young, he took an inordinate quantity of tea—often ten cups a-day. Gradually he became more enslaved to the use of the drug, and increased the doses, until, at the time he had to enter the hospital, he was in the habit of drinking at least thirty cups of strong tea every day, without milk or sugar. He was unable to take any food whatever, the tea having wholly quenched his appetite. Of course, his nerves are hopelessly shattered; he is subject to hallucinations when conscious, but sleeps for the greater part of the day. Breathing is difficult; his lips are white, and his skin yellow. Such is the picture of the tea-maniac—an excellent subject for the Such is the picture of the tea-maniac—an excellent subject for the novelist. That phrase about the cup that does not inebriate may now be considered effete, and, seeing that it has been so hard-worked, one is very glad of it.